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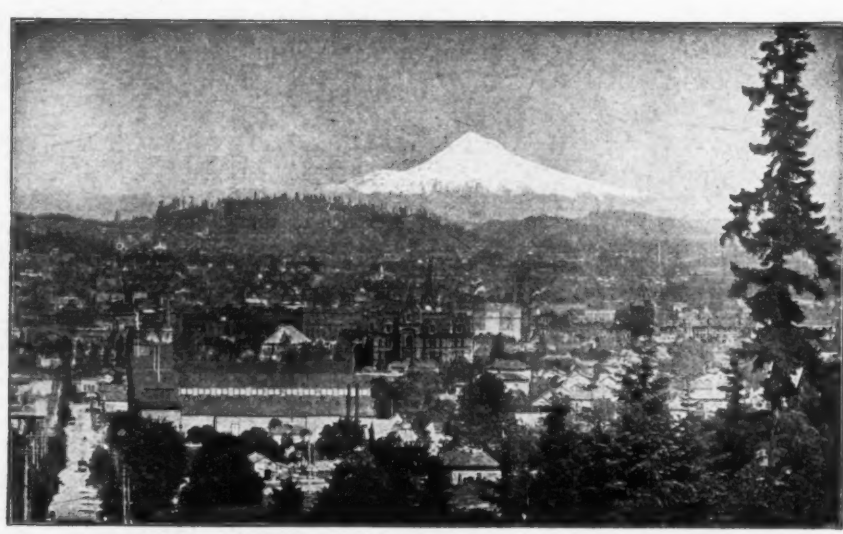
AUG 24 1899

August: 1899: Vol: XVII

THE

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MAGAZINE

: IN THIS ISSUE :

Story of the Canadian Sealing Fleet.
The City of Portland, Oregon.
Puget Sound and Gray's Harbor Canal.



PUBLISHED
BY
E. V. SMALLEY
SAINT-PAUL
MINN.

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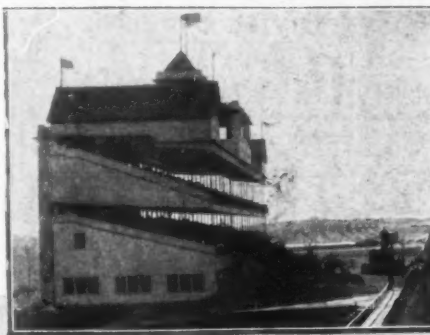


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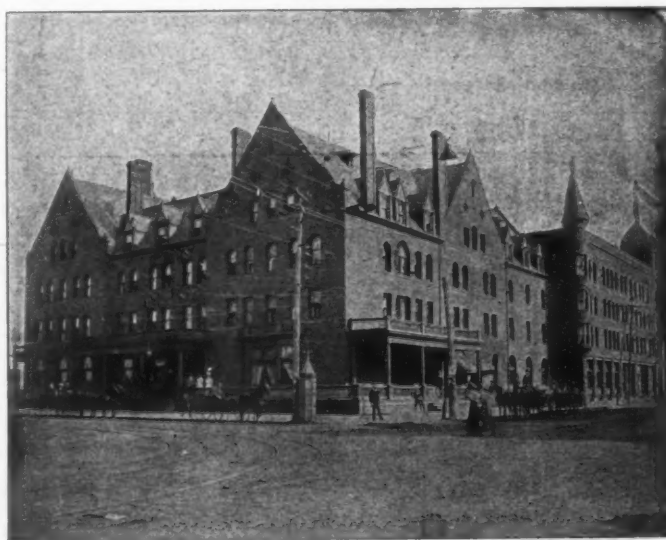


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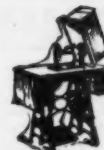
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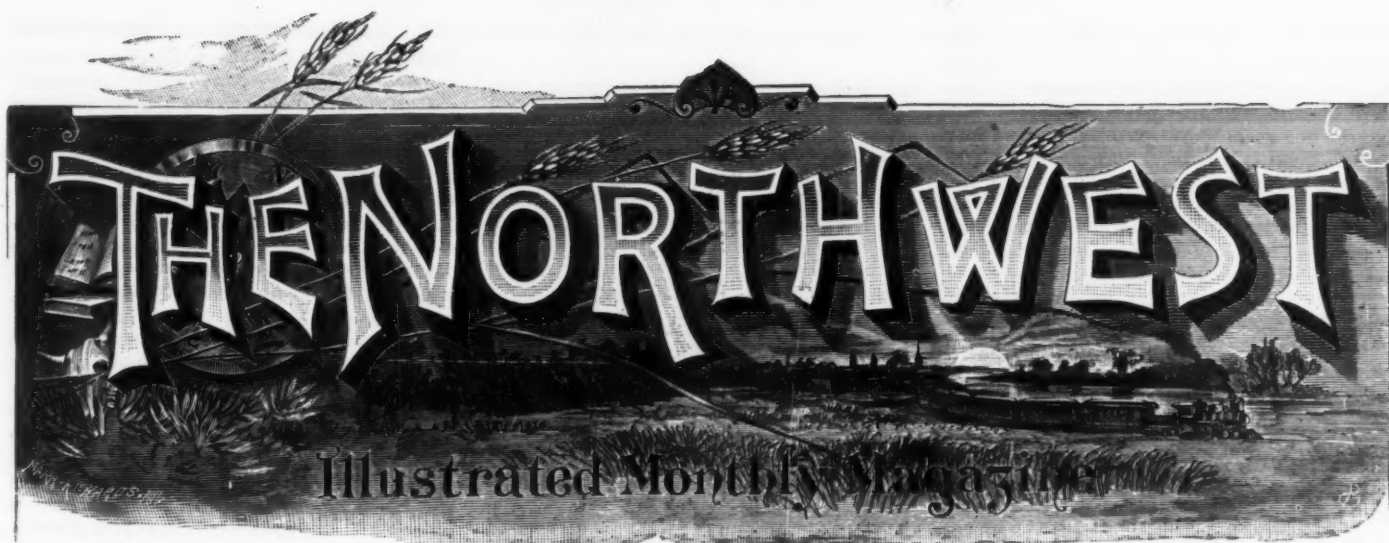
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VOL. XVII.—No. 8.

ST. PAUL, AUGUST, 1899.

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STORY OF THE CANADIAN SEALING FLEET.

By W. Rose.

Sealskins! What visions of soft, furry beauty, of dazzling winter-toilets, of social conquests, and what longing for the coveted wrap, does this initial exclamation bring to the feminine mind! To the masculine mind, however, the effect is largely influenced by the financial ability, or by the lack of it, to supply this "long felt want." But to the seal hunter far different are the visions presented. He sees the miles of heaving ocean which lie between him and his quarry; the desolate islets, far from the haunts of men; and, if he be a pelagic sealer, he thinks of the long months at sea, the struggling with wind and wave, and the cunning of the wily seal; but he is lured on by the excitement of the chase, and by the hope of the reward following a lucky catch.

We have heard much of pelagic sealing, but to most people it is only a name which has figured in international negotiations and has caused more or less friction between three great nations. Here at Victoria, on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia—on the shores of the broad Pacific, it is something very real; for this is the headquarters of the Canadian sealing fleet, and the supplying of the wants of the sealers adds a large item to the annual business of the city.

Sixty schooners, valued at \$614,500, are engaged in this industry, with a total tonnage of 4,292 tons. They employ 807 white men, and 903 Indians. The annual cost of outfitting is \$135,000, and \$350,000 is paid annually in wages. The average annual value of the sealskins taken by the fleet is \$750,000, of which about half a million dollars are for skins taken in Behring Sea. A visit to the fleet when in port is very interesting. The schooners are moored alongside one another in the upper harbor, and their crews are busy cleaning, painting, overhauling rigging and canvas, and otherwise preparing for the next voyage, varied by shore leave and visits to family and friends.

The schooners are handsome little vessels, many of them being built on as fine lines as a yacht. They are built with either flush decks or with a slight raise in the deck aft, and carry mainsail, main-gaff topsail, foresail, staysail,

jib, and flying-jib. Many of them have handsomely-fitted cabins, and all have comfortable quarters for their crews. Like the pilot boats of the Atlantic, they are splendid sea-boats, safely riding out storms which would severely test the largest and strongest ships. Their capacity ranges from forty tons to one hundred tons, the average being probably sixty tons. The usual crew is thirty men, and each schooner carries ten or more canoes. Vessels of the fleet do not, as a rule, leave for the sealing-



SHOOTING SEALS AT SEA.

"In Behring Sea the pelagic sealer can only kill seals with spears, . . . but when in the waters of the open Pacific, guns are used and white hunters are generally employed."

grounds all at the same time, but singly, or in twos, or threes. When going south, they ship white crews and hunters; but when going north to Behring Sea, they ship a white crew to handle the vessel, and a crew of Indian hunters. Going north they leave Victoria in July or late in June, but when bound south they leave about November. Some go to the Japan Coast, where the season is from January to October.

Seal-hunting in Behring Sea is prohibited

from May 1 to August 1, and the United States Government sends a fleet of revenue cutters each year to patrol these waters and enforce the sealing regulations during the closed season. This year the fleet will consist of the Grant, the Rush, the Perry, and the Corwin; while the Bear will cruise to the Arctic to Point Barrow, to aid the whaling fleet, and the Monaval, recently completed, will patrol the Yukon to enforce customs and navigation laws.

The average catch per season for each schooner is from 800 to 1,000 skins, and the average price is about eight dollars a skin, the hunters being paid \$2.50 to \$3.00 per skin. The pelts are all sold on the London market, where they are dyed and again sold to the makers of sealskin garments.

Sealing schooners are owned principally in Victoria, and—shout it not on the house-tops—it is whispered that quite a little American capital is interested in their operation.

Pelagic sealing is the taking of seals at sea with weapons; and to understand the industry it is necessary to know something of the habits of the seal. There are two groups of the fur seal—those of the north, and those of the south. The southern herd was practically destroyed years ago by merciless killing, until at this time there are left only the Lobos Island rookeries at the mouth of the La Plata River, and a few at Cape Horn and Cape Good Hope. Only about 15,000 skins are annually taken from these rookeries. The northern herd is divided into the Alaskan, with their breeding-grounds on the Pribilof Islands, and the Asiatic, with breeding-grounds in the Commander Islands, both in Behring Sea. The former are under the jurisdiction of the United States, and the latter under that of Russia. In their annual migration these herds do not seem to mingle,

but follow separate routes.

Since the discovery of the Pribilof Islands in 1786, the seal herds there have furnished to commerce about six million skins. The herds come annually to these islands to breed. The "seecatchie," or breeding males, appear first, about April or May. Each bull seal takes possession of a small plot of ground, which he protects as a home for his family, and for eighty or ninety days during the breeding season he

neither eats nor drinks. About a month after the arrival of the males, the "matkie," or mature females, appear. With the approach of winter the seals move southward to warmer waters, making their way through the passes of the Aleutian Islands. Spreading out in the open Pacific, they again move—in more compact groups as they approach the North American Coast, and so continue as they move toward the warm waters of California.

The killing of seals on the Pribilof Islands is under the direct supervision of officers of the United States Government, and is pursued under rigid rules which have been framed to preserve and to protect the life of the seal herds. Only a limited number are allowed to be killed each year; but the migratory instinct of the seal is the opportunity of the pelagic sealer.

In July the schooners sail for Behring Sea, and with the beginning of the open season they commence the killing of the animals as they leave the breeding-grounds. Both male and female are taken, and it is claimed that this indiscriminate killing at sea is proving disastrous to the herds. The catch by the fleet has steadily declined from 97,474 skins in 1894, to 30,410 skins in 1897, apparently showing a steady diminution in the numbers of seal herds—though this may be partly accounted for by the smaller number of vessels operating. In Behring Sea the pelagic sealer can only kill seals with spears, which necessitates the employment of Indian hunters, who are more expert with the spears than white hunters. When in the waters of the open Pacific, guns are used, and here white hunters are generally employed. Pelagic sealing began in 1884, and has proved a source of international disputes ever since. Thousands of dollars have been paid by the United States Government to the owners of sealing vessels as damages sustained by the seizure of such vessels. Commission after commission has "sat upon" this question of pelagic sealing. The State Departments of three governments have lain awake at nights striving for a solution of the knotty problem; but the end is not yet, although it is fervently hoped that a satisfactory settlement may be arrived at soon. The hearts of both Canadians and Americans are very near together on this subject, and only a small private interest on both sides seems to separate them and to continue in force this endless bickering. Hasten the day when we can look at great public questions through other spectacles than those of commerce and private greed! The time ought surely to be near when these two nations, brothers in every sense, separated by a line so imaginary that no man knows where to find it, and one with the great mother nation across the sea, should stand together for the broad brotherhood of man—for the uplifting of humanity, rather than for contention with each other in sharp practices over the loaves and fishes.

Few have any knowledge of the life of the sealer, especially of the pelagic sealer. His life is prosaic in one way, picturesque in another. He falls in love, marries, and rears a family like other men; probably he enjoys, as few other men do, the brief home-coming after his long months at sea, where he has for companions only his shipmates and the sea, the sky, the winds, and the ceaseless, pulsing throb of the great ocean. Having procured a berth on board a good schooner, all preparations are completed, the last farewell is said, and on a beautiful July day, when the warm sun bathes the mountains across the straits in a golden flood of light, turning their snowy summits to dazzling whiteness, and flashing in a thousand sparkling wavelets across the blue waters of the straits, his little vessel sets sail for the west coast of Vancouver Island, or for some of the



CHIEF OF THE NOOTKA INDIANS, AND HIS WIFE.

"Many of the hunters come from the Nootka Indians. They are expert with the spear, inured to long days in the canoe, and their eyes are keen for sign of seals."

outlying islands where she is to ship her Indian hunters. Many of these come from the Nootka Indians. They are expert with the spear, inured to long days in the canoe, and their eyes are keen for sign of seals.

Sailing northward, the schooner lays her course across the beautiful North Pacific for Unalaska in the Aleutian Islands, and, after touching there, proceeds through one of the passes into Behring Sea. Here the active work



A GRANDMOTHER OF THE NOOTKA TRIBE.

"On every voyage some of the Indian hunters sink to rise no more, and their waiting mothers, wives, and papooses have sons, husbands, and fathers to mourn."

begins. As soon as seals are seen, the schooner is hove to, and the most lively excitement prevails. The canoes are prepared, provided with food and water, and the Indian hunters, two in each canoe, shove off after them. All day they hunt. They may return at night with many skins, or weary and empty-handed. This is continued day after day, unless the weather is too stormy for the canoes to venture out; and it is stormy indeed when an Indian will not trust to his canoe. These frail craft, in which it would seem foolhardy to go to sea, ride the waves as if instinct with life, when guided by the experienced hunters; yet even they sometimes come to grief. They are often miles away from the schooner, and in the eager chase after a seal they lose sight of her, a fog settles over the ocean, or a storm suddenly arises. Awakened to their danger, they head the canoe for the spot where the schooner is supposed to be, but there is always a possibility that they may be going in the opposite direction, for the Indian does not seem able to master the science of navigation with the compass. Some of them are lost in this way every year, and many are picked up by their own or by other schooners, days afterward, almost famished, having completely lost their bearings. At other times, hurrying homeward to the schooner after the day's hunt, with a fresh wind blowing, too much sail is carried, and as the canoe rides high on the crest of a great wave a sudden gust upturns the fragile craft, and the men find themselves battling with the icy waters. They may succeed in righting the canoe, or one or both of them may sink to rise no more, and then their Indian wives and papooses have husbands and fathers to mourn.

The seal is a very intelligent animal, and resorts to all kinds of tricks to escape the hunter; but he must "breach," or come to the surface to breathe, and it is this chance that the hunter is looking for. He hurls the fatal spear, and the game is his. Old seals, however, have the habit of "smooching," which is to barely put the nostrils above water far enough to get a breath, and then sound or dive again, going off in an opposite direction. It demands an exceedingly quick eye and ready hand to detect a seal when "smooching," and to catch him with the spear before he sounds. Many other tricks are adopted to escape the hunter, who must be constantly on the alert. The seal is a rapid swimmer, and has a lightning way of doubling on his course that is very bewildering.

Thus the seal-hunter must train every faculty to the keenest acuteness. His life is one of severe toil and constant danger; but he lives the free, restless life of the sea. The curling green waves, the sunlight on their crests, the salt spray dashed in his face by the wind, the shrill cries of the sea-birds, the rhythmic rise and fall of his canoe as it climbs up or glides down the great Pacific swells, and the wide loneliness, which yet is full of infinite life—all appeal to the poetic side of his nature, and hold for him a deep fascination.

But the hunters are not the only ones in danger; the schooner and her crew must also contend with the vicissitudes of the ocean. They are constantly at sea when following the herds, never making port except for supplies. There are storms which sometimes hurl the thundering seas over her deck from stem to stern, carrying away everything movable, and occasionally sweeping part of the crew overboard to death in the angry waters. At times there is shipwreck, and then, perhaps, a schooner is burned at sea, and her crew must take to boats and rafts.

Thus the hunting continues until the increasing cold drives the seals south, when the

schooners return to Victoria, discharge their Indian hunters, replace them with white hunters, overhaul and outfit again, and about November sail away on their southern cruise. They follow the herds down the coast for some twelve hundred miles, hunting them steadily, the white hunters following them in boats, as did the Indians in their canoes; except that, instead of spears, guns are used. As spring advances, the seals again turn northward toward the breeding-grounds, and the sealers turn also and follow them until the approach of the closed season, when they return to Victoria, and outfit for the next season's trip to Behring Sea.

So the crews of the sealing schooners spend nearly nine months of the year at sea. The heavy ocean, the salt mist and spray, the gentle winds, the hoarse voice of the tempest, the roar of the hurricane, the rush of great, foam-crested waves, and sometimes shipwreck and disaster, are familiar sights and sounds; but all these are taken as a matter of course, coming in the year's work which provides food, shelter, and the comforts of life for the wife and little ones—who never cease to look seaward longingly, looking for the safe return of their brave warriors of the deep.



SEALING SCHOONER OFF FOR BEHRING SEA.

"The Schooners are handsome little vessels, many of them being built on as fine lines as a yacht. . . . Like the pilot boats of the Atlantic, they are splendid sea-boats, safely riding out the severest storms."



SEALING SCHOONERS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

"A visit to the fleet when in port is very interesting. The schooners are moored alongside one another in the upper harbor at Victoria, and their crews are kept busy preparing for the next voyage."

A DISMAL LOCALITY.

Out in Wyoming, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, is a little ravine cut through volcanic rock in which animals meet an unexpected death. It is called Death Gulch, and it kills the victims quickly by poisonous gases that issue from its many fissures and hang about its bed to a depth of two or three feet. It is hidden away in a remote part of the northeast corner of the Yellowstone National Park, and is difficult of access for human beings. While its noxious vapors are deadly for many animals, says a correspondent, they do not overcome men, because the vapors gather and hang close to the ground. Bears seem to be the favorite game for the destroying agent.

The gulch is a short, V-shaped ravine in the extinct hot-spring region of the great lava basin of the park. Where hot water formerly gushed from the vents in the earth, poisoning gases now issue, and unless dissipated by a strong wind these gases, being heavier than the air,

hover densely above the ground. A tiny stream of clear and cold water, tainted with sulphuric acid, flows down a narrow, steep channel in the bed of the ravine. A few springs, so small as hardly to be worthy of the name, contribute minutely to the stream their oozings of acid water.

The gulch runs down the mountain from a basin about 250 feet higher than Cache Creek. Just below that point is a spot where many animals come to their end. On a recent visit to the spot, scientists of the United States Geological Survey found the fresh body of a large silver-tip grizzly, with the decomposed remains of another lying close by. Within a short radius were skeletons of four bears, and the bones of an elk. In the bottom of the pocket they found the recently dead bodies of several squirrels, rock hares, and other animals, besides many dead butterflies and insects.

No sign of violence could be found upon the big bear upon close examination, a few drops of blood at the end of his nostrils being the only unusual indication. It was evident that death had come only a short time before, as the body was intact and was in no way offensive. The body of a cinnamon bear near by was badly decomposed, while the other skeletons had been stripped of flesh. It was evident that the death of none of these animals had been caused by shotguns or other forms of violence. They had been suffocated.

The hollows in the gulch have been tested for



SPEARING SEALS AT SEA.

"In Behring Sea the pelagic sealer can only kill seals with spears. As soon as seals are seen, canoes are lowered, and the Indian hunters, two in each canoe, shove off on an all-day hunt."

carbonic acid gas, but its presence has never been established. The strong smell of sulphur, and a choking sensation of the lungs, indicated the existence of noxious gases. The ravine is open to the wind at either end, which serves to dissipate the vapors rapidly. It is only on calm days, therefore, that the gas can do its deadly work. It is believed that the animals go down to the fatal stream to drink. One dead bear will attract many others through curiosity. The spring freshets wash out the bones of the destroyed beasts every year, otherwise the ravine would have long ago become a charnel gulch.

Death Gulch is particularly weird and dismal. It is entirely free of life. Even the rock is in an advanced state of decay. Close by, and all around the place, is vegetation; but the gulch is a desolate waste.

A STRANGE PUGET SOUND FISH.

The Seattle (Wash.) *Times* speaks of a very curious little fish, one totally unknown to Puget Sound fishermen, which was taken not long ago in a seine that was put out in the bay there. It is described as a cargo carrier whose sails are ever trimmed ready for a voyage and ap-

With this nicely set, and the fish at the surface of the water, he could skim along like a gull.

His other fins seem to have all been forgotten in his make-up, and nature seems to have intended him wholly for sailing. The fish is in appearance something like the ling cod, but has a somewhat different mouth, and is generally different in build. He has big black eyes that are perched at the comb of a tortoise-like head, and underneath them are broad black bands running down on either side, like stripes on a Bengal tiger. He has a short, thick abdomen, and is altogether an object of interest.

AN OLD INDIAN CEMETERY.

The Jamestown (N. D.) *Capital* says that a man named Cornwall has fifty-five teams at work in different places in that section of country, breaking land and opening up farms. In breaking up one quarter-section, the men ran onto an old Indian burying-ground—possibly the scene of some furious Indian battles in the past, lost to memory even of the oldest Indians. The graves are thick as can be, and each is marked by a cluster of stones. As in

Eldridge. A man took the contract to dig the stone on the land ahead of the plows, but when he struck the graveyard he threw up the job and his contract.

THEY SHOOK DICE FOR A MINE.

General Charles S. Warren, a pioneer of Butte, but now a resident of Spokane, and Miles Finlen shook dice in the summer of 1892 for a copper-mine then valued at \$75,000 and now at a cool million. The mine adjoined the Anaconda, and was held jointly by Warren and Finlen. The latter is at present a wealthy mine operator of Butte, who is noted everywhere as a plunger in stocks, on horse-races, and in a political campaign. In the latter amusement he makes the millionaires of Butte hold their breath when he offers to wager reckless sums on his favorite candidate.

Warren and Finlen had owned the property for some years, the Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review* says, but had been unable to agree upon the method in which it should be worked. They met one day in Lynch Brothers' saloon, and the old wordy quarrel was at once renewed as to the relative values of different methods of working the mine.

"I'll sell you my interest for what it cost me," said Finlen.

"I don't want your interest," replied the general.

"Well, I'll buy your interest," said Finlen.

"Don't want to sell," retorted the general.

"Well, I'll shake the dice with you to see whether you or I own the mine," Finlen rejoined, with some warmth.

Warren hesitated a moment. His friends believed that Finlen was bluffing, but Warren knew the man. The mine was a valuable one. After considering a moment, Warren took his hands out of his trousers' pocket, and remarked: "Miles, I'll go you."

"Give us the dice-box," yelled Finlen to the bartender. The ivories were produced.

"What do you want to shake?" asked Finlen.

"Any way will do me," replied Warren.

"Any way will suit me, too," said Finlen.

"Now, name your game."

"Name yours," curtly replied Warren.

"One flop, aces high, then," said Finlen, as he rattled the dice in the box.

"Aces high goes," said Warren; "the winner to set up the wine for the house."

"That suits me. Here goes," said Finlen, as he spilled the dice on the bar.

"Twosixes. I've got you, Charlie, this time," as he passed the box over to Warren.

"That looks good, but I think I can beat it, Miles," said Warren as he tossed the dice out.

There was not a pair in sight.

"Ace high is a good hand sometimes, but it loses this time, Charlie," remarked Finlen as he threw a \$100 bill on the bar and added: "Give the boys what they want, bartender."

The next morning Mr. Warren made out the deed.

The mine was later sold to the Anaconda Company by Mr. Finlen. Three years ago the adjoining claim was sold for \$760,000 to Marcus Daly.

TO ARMS!

He had donned the suit of blue
At the sound of war's alarms,
And upon his lady true
Called, and promptly cried, "To Arms!"

And the lady, much elated,
Blushed and showed her many charms,
As she whispered, it is stated,
That she much preferred two arms.

St. Paul, Minn.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.



GROUP OF NOOTKA INDIANS, SHOWING MOTHERS, WIVES, CHILDREN, AND SWEETHEARTS OF THE DUSKY SEAL HUNTERS.

"Crews of sealing schooners spend nearly nine months of the year at sea, . . . providing food, shelter and comforts for their wives and little ones, who never cease to look seaward longingly for the safe return of their brave warriors of the deep."

parently formed for cruising on the surface rather than under water. The fish may be known to science and catalogued all right with a high-flown Latin name, but he is nevertheless a puzzler to local fish gentry.

The *Times* says he has a big dorsal that cannot possibly be of any more use to him in swimming than a third wheel to the modern woman's bike. It comes out of the back of what appears to be a vertebrated neck, such as land animals have, and sticks straight up when ready set, but it can be laid along the back, with canvas furled, as neatly as the best jack tar could do it.

The fin is oblong, so to speak, and has a well-defined spine, which answers for a mast, and attached to this is the sail proper, which is so nearly precisely oblong as to give it the appearance of having been cut to order. The dorsal is about four inches long and an inch and a quarter broad, and is, in fact, as large as the fish.

each case the grave was dug quite deep and filled full and solid with small field bowlders, the work of opening up that particular tract of land is left to some future date, when there shall be a sufficient demand for the rock to pay for the digging.

One of the graves was opened, and underneath the rock was found a skull and a few of the larger bones of a human body. Interment was so long ago that only portions of the larger bones remain. No trinkets of any kind were found. The graves are so close together and numerous that fifty-five acres of plow-land have been abandoned.

It is supposed that the Indians filled the graves with stones to prevent the coyotes and wolves from disturbing the dead. Such graves are not new, for they have been found in many other parts of the James River Valley, though not in such numbers as here. This cluster of graves is located about three miles south of

FORGOTTEN IN A CLOUDBURST.

By Alice Harriman.

The mining-camp of Highmore was far from the haunts of men and women. At least, there was not a woman in camp on the sultry August afternoon when Roy Melville started out prospecting up the dusty trail that he had so often traveled—to his own discontent and discouragement. It is hard to prospect all day, and find not the slightest trace of gold, when others, seemingly with little or no effort, can strike a lead and, in a week or so, be negotiating with Eastern parties for a sale of their "stake."

On this particular afternoon, Roy was thinking of the Ohio home, and cursing his luck in a way that was emphatic, if not profane.

"What a blasted, dismal, lonely place this is!" he said to himself. "I wonder that I stay here. I swear I am tired of it all; I'm having no luck, anyway, and no pleasure. I believe I'll pull out and go to Boise for awhile; maybe my luck will turn. But, hello!" he exclaimed surprisedly; "what in blazes is that coming over the hill road?"

No wonder he was surprised. It was sufficiently astonishing to see a woman, when there was not one supposed to be nearer than Boise, one hundred fifty miles away; but when that woman appears as a pretty young lady, struggling along the rock-strewn trail with a screeching, red-headed youngster on her back, surprise deepens to amazement, and words fail.

The small person riding so gallantly seemed at no loss for words, however, for he kept up a constant bellowing, interspersing his yells with cries of "Go on! go faster, I tell you. I'll tell mamma, if you don't."

His own sturdy legs seemed to have plenty of muscle in them, but he preferred to use them in kicking the young lady vigorously, and he occasionally gave her hair a jerk, by way of emphasis.

"Oh, Johnny, dear, you must not drive me too hard; I'm going as fast as I can. Please do not strike so hard; you hurt more than you think."

Roy Melville could not stand that, so he hurried forward:

"Perhaps you will allow me to carry the little boy," he said in his pleasant voice, that years of roaming life had failed to render coarse or rough. "Come on, Kid! ride on my horse. I have a horse that can carry all three of us, and I think (this under his breath) that the young lady is tired of carrying you. I know that I should be if I had to carry you far."

The weary traveler looked up to the bronze face of the black-bearded man riding a stout mountain pony, and smiled under the influence of his own friendly glance.

"No, no!" objected the child, in a shrill, peevish voice. "No, no, no! You go away; I don't want your horse."

"Thank you very much," said the young lady, suddenly depositing Master Johnny on the bank, and sinking to the ground in exhaustion. "I shall get on all right; but, Johnny, you must really let me rest awhile, then I will carry you again."

She was a slender young woman, with a profusion of reddish-brown hair that glistened brightly in the brilliant sunshine; but her face was one that had lost the hope of youth—a face from which all color and mirth had been erased

by care and well-guarded trouble. A lady, undoubtedly, and too young to be the mother of the five-year-old terror who, with his hand clasped tight in hers, was glaring defiance at the stranger.

"Little devil!" thought Roy; but aloud he said, in a coaxing voice, "Come on, Johnny! Get up here and I'll let you hold the horse's mane and ride all alone, while I walk beside you."

"No, indeed!" said the young lady, hastily. "We will not trouble you. If you will tell me how far it is to the camp of Highmore, I can easily carry him."

There was nothing to be said in the face of so decided a refusal, and so, after giving the desired information, he once more mounted and rode on and up the mountain trail.

Highmore was a new camp that had been started only a few months before. Reckless and lawless men were there, attracted by the stories of marvelous finds that had been made. Roy Melville had drifted there—partly from curiosity, but more from a craving for something out of the ordinary run of life in an Ohio city; and this girl, walking along the rude trail with the naughty child, was the first woman he had seen in three months.

Late in the afternoon there was great excitement at the half-canvas, half-board shack, called by courtesy a "hotel." The Chinese servants bustled around, and it was evident that something of importance had occurred. Two ladies had appeared with a maid, a child, a pug dog (of which they were very careful), and two Mongolian men servants. They rode horseback; indeed, they could not have come into camp any other way, except on foot, over the rough and hilly trail. The rude pine piazza was soon stacked with camp-chairs, grips, and the other impedimenta that women usually carry, no matter at what inconvenience.

The very atmosphere seemed suddenly to be filled with an air of luxury and refinement; and when the dog, released from durance vile, began to run about and to sniff at the curious coolies, one might have fancied oneself in San Francisco, instead of in an isolated mining-camp.

The lady that slipped off her horse and gave rapid orders to her men was a tall, imperious-looking woman with quick manners and a more than arrogant air. Roy at once recognized her as Mrs. Bellingham Elliott, of Cincinnati. Ten years ago, when a freshman at Yale, he had been passionately in love with her cousin. The lady with her was a decided blonde with cold, blue eyes and regular features. She would have been handsome but for the thin, cruel lips that always wore a discontented expression. She walked up and down the piazza, while the older woman gave orders as to the disposal of their luggage.

"And did my darling Johnny enjoy his ride on nurse's back?" asked the mother, as the child flung himself into her arms. "Did precious love have a good time?"

"I want my room and some tea and a bath," complained Edith. "I want to get out of this dusty traveling-dress right away! Where can that girl Jane be? Why is she always out of the way when I want her?"

"Jane! Jane!" called Mrs. Elliott, impatient-

ly; and the girl appeared instantly, carrying a tea-tray."

"I've been getting you some tea," she explained.

"Well, for pity's sake put it down, and hurry up the men and get our grips open! And here! come and unbutton my boots." So saying, she sank wearily into a camp-chair, and stuck out a trim foot incased in well-fitting russet shoes.

"So that tired-looking girl with the beautiful hair was Mrs. Elliott's maid," Melville said to himself.

* * *

The ladies dined on the piazza, but, as Melville had already dined, he quietly smoked on the far end of the veranda, and thought of the time when the elder woman was one of fashion's queens, and he one of her "set."

They had wine with their meal, and the younger lady might have been named "Miss Voluble," so incessantly did she chatter during the progress of the meal. After dinner they walked up and down, talking as freely of their plans as if they had been alone.

"My dear Edith," Mrs. Elliott said, loudly and rather angrily, "you must remember that you are no longer young, and you must try to make a catch soon. You made so poor a play at Brighton, that I fairly despaired of ever getting you married off. You played for high stakes, and lost—all on account of not confiding in me; and now I want you to take my advice."

Roy jumped up hurriedly. He had heard more than he wanted to, but the ladies seemed so oblivious of his presence that he had not liked to make it known. Now it was getting too confidential, however, and he strode away, but not so fast that he could escape hearing Edith say, "What a handsome man! He looks so superior to most of the men one usually sees in mining-camps."

How the old life came back to him as he sat in his room that evening!

Mrs. Elliott had not recognized in the stalwart, bearded man the handsome fellow that had made love to all the girls ten years ago. He smiled to think what she would say if she should recognize him, for well he knew her penchant for match-making; and he also remembered that his family tree would count in her eyes, even if he had not a sou marquee. Still, he had lived that life long enough to know that in the wild Western country a man was more sought after as a successful prospector than as a lady's man.

The next morning he was awakened by the sound of rain falling in torrents on the canvas roof, and presently the usual moisture penetrated through the dry cloth and splashed on the bed. Strange, indeed, it was to have rain that time of year; but it was evidently an all-day storm, and he must stay indoors, write letters, and face Mrs. Elliott. There! he could hear her voice now, calling, "Jane! Jane! do you see that boy? He has been out in the rain, and is soaking wet. Why don't you watch him closer?" Then there was the usual yell, and the cry of "I won't! I won't!"

Just before lunch, Mrs. Elliott burst into her cousin's room with a, "Who do you think that handsome man is we saw on the porch last night? Roy Melville, who was once the greatest catch in Cincinnati! He is a Yale man, and used to be engaged to Nellie Kyle."

"What! that big fellow with the beard? He is handsome, but I could hardly think him Nellie's style."

"Well, it's Roy Melville, fast enough, and he has cut off that beard. I recognized him at once, as he went in to lunch. Now, Edith," impressively, "I want you to see if you can't get him. He is rich, but is in disgrace with the powers that be at home, and is just independ-

ent enough to rough it out here rather than go East and make up with his people. You must seem unconscious of his prospects, and pretend that you are infatuated with himself alone; then you will land the richest man you ever knew."

"I should think he would hate to work so hard, if he has been used to a life of luxury," commented Edith, who could not understand why one worked if there were no need of one's doing so. "Why did Nellie throw him over?"

"Oh, she was a fool!" replied Mrs. Elliott. "I guess she has been sorry enough since. Her husband is a brute, and has drank up all his property. Poor Nellie is out of existence, socially. Roy remembered me at once, and is going to join us at dinner; so, hurry and put on your tailor-made gown, for I remember that Roy likes a nice figure."

"Is not this horrid weather!" said Miss Morrill, as they sat at dinner. "Is it common to have rain at this season of the year?"

"And is it not likely to cause the mountain

here I am, family and all."

"I see you have a maid with you," Roy remarked casually.

"Oh, yes! you mean Jane. She is invaluable, although I have not had her long. She has evidently seen the best of life, but I do not encourage her to think that she can presume on her manners. I expect her to look after Johnny, and she really is faithful in all I ask her to do."

"Roy smiled a little under his handsome mustache; he could not help thinking of Jane as a hobby-horse, at the imperious demands of the spoiled Johnny."

"How pale she is!" he continued. She cannot be well."

"Oh, she is all right. I never noticed anything more than that she was frightfully plain," Edith observed sharply.

"I like Jane," Johnny put in. "She never slaps me as Aunt Edith does, and she lets me ride on her back, most every day."

"Johnny never did like me," apologized Edith, flushing under her powder.



"It was sufficiently astonishing to see a woman;....but when the woman appears as a pretty young lady....with a screeching, red-headed youngster on her back, surprise deepens to amazement."

streams to rise suddenly?" chimed in Mrs. Elliott.

"It is unusual to have rain now," gravely replied Roy, "but I hardly think there is any danger of floods, unless the rain continues a number of hours, and then there is no danger unless there should be a cloudburst in the mountains farther north."

"I am so delighted to see you here in this remote spot, Mr. Melville," Mrs. Elliott remarked. "Who would ever have prophesied this meeting so far away from home!"

"I can hardly credit my eyes," Roy rejoined. "I must confess that I am puzzled to account for your appearance in this wild mining-camp. It is not a place in which I should expect to see you, I assure you!"

"We are obliged to be here, as I am looking after some mining interests of my late husband's. Of course you know that Mr. Elliott died last year, and left his estate in a shocking condition. Indeed, change of air, and, in fact, the very novelty of the trip, appealed to me; so

Somehow, the evening passed. The incessant drip, drip of the rain on the piazza was irritating in the extreme, and the small talk of the ladies was hardly less so. Roy promised to escort them on an exploring expedition on the morrow, and retired to his room early on a plea of business.

Jane had been invisible, and Roy had good reason to think that she was kept in the background purposely. Too well did he see through the maneuvers of the worldly-wise woman and her cousin, appreciating to the utmost the apparently cordial interest they took in him. But women that make it a business to track down young men for the sake of the fortune they may possess, had no attraction for him, and his thoughts turned often to the pale, tired girl who had to endure the insults of the women and the insolence of the spoiled child.

As he fell asleep, he was conscious of the increased fury of the storm, and drowsily wondered if it would not make trouble in the gulches, where so many miners were prospecting.

But soon all was lost in oblivion, and he was sleeping soundly when he was roused by some person pounding heavily on his door.

"For God's sake, Melville, get up, and fly for your life! There has been a cloudburst up the gulch, and the water is almost upon us!"

Roy sprang to his feet, and dressed hurriedly. Too well he knew what that summons meant. His first thought was of the ladies, and of their terror and danger. Rushing out into the dense darkness, he could hear the roar of the torrent, and see the startled miners and the shivering, cowering coolies rushing like phantoms and trying to save the little they could in their hurried flight. Nowhere were the ladies visible, and the few men seen professed entire ignorance of their whereabouts.

The mighty torrent of water that was rolling with such resistless force down the canyon was tearing away trees, rocks, and cabins, and every moment the danger became greater for the little city of Highmore. Roy groped his way to the stables, and found that the horses were gone, but whether they carried precious burdens or not, he had no means of determining. Trusting that the feminine portion of the deluged camp had escaped in safety, he was about to start up the side of the canyon, when he was startled to see a slight figure coming toward him. It was the maid, in whom he had taken such an interest, and he recognized her immediately.

"Why are you here alone?" he exclaimed hurriedly. "Where is Mrs. Elliott?"

"They must have taken the horses," Miss Hart declared, "and are now safe. Doubtless they forgot me in their fright."

"Good God! What selfishness!" cried Roy, unable to restrain his indignation. "Do you mean to tell me that they rode away and had no thought of you?"

"Yes," she said, simply. "I know they had the horses, for I heard Miss Edith say that she never could ride such an old horse, and Mrs. Elliott reproved her, saying that they might well be thankful to get away with their lives. They were so frightened that they did not think of me; and the Chinamen that went with them had to hold Johnny and the dog by main force, as they rode away."

"No, they would not forget the dog," Roy observed, bitterly.

"Then, as a wild rush of water whirled by, he realized that they must seek higher ground, and seek it quickly; and in a few minutes they were well on their way up the steep slope. The darkness was intense, and groping their way through the sage-brush was infinitely tedious. The furious rush of water could be heard as it swept everything along in its tumultuous career, but there was not a sound human of life. It was as though they were the only living beings in the whole universe. After climbing awhile, they stopped from sheer weariness, being weighed down with wet clothing. Miss Hart had nothing on her feet but thin slippers. They crouched under some bushes, trying to protect themselves from the rain, which seemed determined to drown the whole world,—and waited, with what patience they might, for the dawn.

"You do not look strong enough to work as hard as you do, Miss Hart," Roy ventured after a long pause. "Why do you not seek other employment?"

"I have not been working very long, and this is the first employment I have tried."

"But surely you could find something more congenial, if you wished? If you went to the city—to Seattle, for instance, you could find friends who would help you to work that would not be such drudgery."

"I took the first work that was offered me," she answered. "I had no choice, and I needed

work so badly that I was thankful to get this; though," with a smile, "I do find it hard when Johnny is cross."

"I do not wish to be inquisitive, but I would like to know if you have always had to work for your living. Your hands do not look like it, and I have noticed, many times, that you hesitated when Miss Morrill asked you to do anything. It seemed hard for you to obey such imperious demands. You must not be angry," hastily, as she moved away from his side; "I meant it in all kindness."

"Oh, I have no right to mind," she replied, after a moment's pause. "I will tell you how I am situated. Father was one of the old-timers of Idaho, and we thought ourselves rich until he died. Mother has been an invalid, since the twins came, and they are so much younger than I that I felt I must do something to support the family. Mother would not hear to my working, and I am supposed to be visiting some friends of mine. But you see I am not having a very pleasant time of it. Never mind, I will find something better to do after a while. Just now I shall consider myself fortunate if we get out of this place alive. Look! Is not that the first streak of dawn, yonder?"

Roy looked. It was indeed the first sign of dawn. The rain had ceased, and they could see the ruin, the devastation that had been wrought in the hours of darkness. Nowhere was a cabin or indication of life to be seen. Wild masses of debris filled the gorge, and mines, tools, articles of wearing apparel, and the remains of the miners' outfits, were scattered about.

"Now we must try to get something to eat," Roy said; "and then we will start to walk to the next camp. Fortunately, they are not in this gulch, and I presume they have escaped our fate."

Searching about them they found some canned goods, and with the aid of Roy's knife they soon had a lunch of sardines and corned beef. Ordinarily, Miss Hart would have found it impossible to eat such fare, but hunger makes one less fastidious, and she ate heartily. Then began a long, hard walk, but, somehow, the way did not seem tedious, and the glorious sunlight smiled on them as though conscious that all the world was changed to these young lovers. For such they were. Love has uncounted ways of procedure, and in this brave girl, struggling along by his side, Roy Melville found more to attract and to admire than in all the young ladies he had ever known.

Then, again, the heartless behavior of the women, who, regardless of all but their own lives, thinking only of themselves and their dog, had left a helpless girl to an awful fate, stirred such a thrill of pity that its proverbial mate, love, came almost unawares. And she? From the first she had thought of him with tender kindness; for of all the men she had seen, in the brief time she had been out in the world, none had been so thoughtful of her welfare as he. With many an extra help over some hard place, by slow degrees they toiled onward, and about noon were rewarded by seeing in the distance the white tents of the next camp. Soon they were being welcomed by members of their own camp—people who had escaped before the water had blocked the path to safety. Mrs. Elliott and Miss Morrill were among the first to welcome them, and the dog and Johnny came flying together to greet Miss Hart.

The ladies professed great anxiety for Miss Hart's welfare. "Indeed, I wanted to turn and get you," said Miss Morrill; "but aunt said we could not. We were so sorry that we forgot you!" Which apology did not help matters much.

"So good of you to look after Jane for me,"

said Mrs. Elliott. "I missed her so much! I will guard her better in the future, if anything happens to us again. I did not know she was so useful, until I had to do without her in the care of Johnny."

"Never mind, Mrs. Elliott. I think I will look after Miss Hart myself," Roy remarked, quietly. "She will never be forgotten again, for she has promised to be my wife."

WHEN THE GUESTS CAME.

It was in the fall of 1898 that I met Von Hasselocher again, states a writer in the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*. Twelve years before we had seen the last of each other in a certain drawing-room in San Francisco. And now we had drifted together in Alaska—packers on a Skagway trail.

He had been in the North for twelve years—and had passed through the whole gamut of Alaskan life. He had mined, he had owned a saw-mill, then a cannery, and a store. He had been a hunter, and captain of a schooner. A man must do anything there. For years he had traded with the Indians—lived among them, and finally become one of their chiefs. He has a chief's token on his arm, deeply tattooed.

One night we were camped by the trail, amid a desolation of granite rocks. All about us gleamed snowy peaks, and here and there a glacier threw back the starlight more dully. The long lake lay still and black at our feet. Such trees as there were, crawled close to the ground, hardly knee high. Our camp-fire was the only point of human comfort for miles around.

It was a time for story-telling, and by the light of the fire I jotted down, as he told it, this tale of Indian life:

"The preparations for the big potlatch at Tuxican were complete.

"Great quantities of dried fish had been prepared, and to season it there was seal oil and candle-fish oil which had reached the proper ripeness, or you may call it rancidity; and as much seaweed as many Indians could hope to do away with. So the feast was all provided for, and every day the salmon became more savory, the oil more accentuated.

"Barrels of sugar, bolts of calico, boxes ofhardtack, odd articles of glassware, every sort of gift that could be useful or useless to the visitors—everything attainable that could appeal to their vigorous appetites or their even more vigorous desire for possession, was there—for this was to be a very big potlatch.

"But the days passed, and then the weeks, until more than three had gone; and no guests had come. There was grave anxiety, and Indian patience was exhausted.

"Then the big medicine-man was asked to make medicine—to tell the cause of this long waiting, and to read the future.

"He was very old,—one would say 100 years, almost,—and he was fearfully emaciated—more literally skin and bone than any living thing I have ever seen. At the appointed time the chiefs and other men, fully a hundred in all, were arranged according to their rank within his house; the chiefs seated on the edge of the raised platform, which ran quite around the interior, the others standing in rows behind them.

"In the center of the house, on a bed of gravel, was a pyre of small, resinous logs, built up crosswise to a height of nearly five feet; and this was burning with intense red brilliancy. The chiefs held medicine-sticks in their hands, with which they beat in unison on the edge of the platform, as an accompaniment to a weird, endless chant. The heat was very great, and as the singing grew louder and faster the excitement increased almost to the point of delirium.

The smoke curling above us and towards the dusky corners—row above row of dark faces, usually so placid, but now savage and drawn—gleaming eyes and barbaric ornaments—all were illumined by the fierce red glow, while the shadows were deep, impenetrable, a study in rouge et noir.

"The old medicine-man, tall, stripped to his breech-clout, with each bone and angle brought into sharp relief, and each furrow deepened, became slowly rigid and tense in every line. His eyeballs rolled upwards until the pupils and irises disappeared. He was in a hypnotic trance—indeed, we were nearly all in the same condition, so contagious is great excitement—so powerful the effect of its long continuance.

"He rose slowly, and, turning as slowly toward me, let his eyeballs fall until he looked straight through my eyes and far beyond. Pointing at me with his medicine-stick, he asked me to 'give him fire.'

"I knew what this meant, though I had never before officiated; and, approaching the bed of hot embers, I raked out, with my stick, a glowing coal the size of an English walnut. This I laid in the palm of my bare hand. It did not burn—I suppose because I was perspiring so freely; nor was there any seared spot on my hand afterwards.

"I carried the coal to him, and placed it in his hand. He calmly raised it to his mouth, and put it in. His cheeks were so thin that they were brilliantly lighted from within, and puffed out with steam, which escaped in clouds from his mouth. Then he deliberately chewed the coal, the glow decreasing as he did so. When this inward illumination had quite ceased, he spat out what was left, and called for more.

"Thinking that I would try him more severely, I selected a coal that was nearly as large as a hen's egg, and white-hot. He chewed this with gusto, and it lit up and distended his old cheeks till, with great clouds of steam pouring from his mouth and nose, his fierce old eyes flashing into mine, his arm extended and seeming to beckon me into the red glare that played about him, he looked like the very devil incarnate.

"Ten times in all I gave him fire—and then he passed on to other chiefs for more.

"The flames blazed fitfully, now surrounding the medicine-man in a glory of light, and again sinking and marking deep shadows between his ribs, until he looked like a skeleton indeed.

"What was the prophecy? It was never heard. The old man opened his mouth to speak. There was no sound, but a soul was passing through those pallid, parted lips, and a dry, throaty rattle accompanied its exit.

"Next day the guests came."

A CAVE OF GIANTS—Jose Herannda, a Mexican sheep-herder in the employ of McLeod Bros., while rounding up horses in the Sweetgrass Hills, twenty miles north of Columbus, Mont., discovered a large cave, the opening of which had been concealed by heavy underbrush. The cave, seventy feet in length, thirty-five feet in width and ten feet in height, had been cut partly out of solid rock. In the center, lying side by side, were the well-preserved skeletons of five human beings. These skeletons measure seven to seven and a half feet in length, and indicate that the cave-dwellers must have been a people of extraordinary stature and strength. Three knife-blades, evidently made of hardened copper; two bowls hollowed out of granite blocks; two stone hammer-heads, and some broken fragments of pottery, were also found in the cave. These, and one of the skeletons, are now on exhibition in Columbus. The Smithsonian Institution has been notified of the discovery and will doubtless take charge of the relics.



Their First Bathing-Suit.

A funny thing happened out at the Broadwater the other evening, says the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*. The rubber-necks are still laughing over the occurrence, and wishing that they had carried along a flashlight and a kodak. Two young ladies, who might have been from Bozeman, were visiting a friend in the city, and were of course invited to go bathing in the pool. The surf isn't beating on the shores of the Sourdough, these days, and the girls in question had never seen a bathing-suit outside the covers of a fashion-book. The sight of the merry bathers in scant costume shocked their modest sensibilities, but they shut their teeth together hard, and went to a dressing-room to prepare for the plunge.

"I never can do it, Maud," said the tall, dark one.

"Oh, gracious!" replied her companion, "I'm afraid I can't either; but we must. We'll be set down for prudes, and get laughed at, sure."

In an unreasonably long time, and after many poundings on their dressing-room door by their hostess, they timidly came out. But down they both went, flat on the floor. They were exposing to the rude gaze of a large number of people more of their pedal extremities than they had ever dreamed it possible to do and retain their self-respect. They finally arose to their feet, and timidly approached the landing in a crouching position, meantime frantically attempting to stretch the bottoms of their abbreviated skirts to the floor.

That was a week ago. They have been there several times since, but the timidity has worn away. The black-eyed one now takes headers from the spring-board, and the blonde one goes down the toboggan like a veteran.

The Pathos of Revived Love.

Five years ago Henry Ballantyne and wife, of Highmore, agreed to separate. Ballantyne was a prosperous grain-buyer, and owned several good farms near that place. These he deeded to his wife. The few hundred dollars he was able to scrape together in cash, he put in his own pocket, and then he left to begin life afresh in a new location.

As soon as he was gone, his wife sued for a divorce. There was no defense, and a decree was granted. The land given her by her husband she sold to advantage, and by shrewd reinvestment she accumulated within the next few years a comfortable fortune.

The past winter she spent in Southern California. On her way home, a month ago, she stopped in San Francisco. On the street there one day she met an emaciated figure in army blue, hobbling about, with the aid of a heavy cane, in a vain search for employment. It was Ballantyne, discharged from the United States volunteer service and invalided, home from the Philippines after a fever which left him in such poor health as to destroy his usefulness as a soldier.

Ballantyne was about to pass his former wife without speaking to her, but she, when she saw his wasted form and miserable condition, felt all her old love for him revive. She hurried him into a carriage and to a hotel, where

comfortable quarters, good food, and the services of competent physicians, soon produced a marked improvement in his health. Last week the two were remarried, and have just returned to Highmore together.—*Rapid City (S.D.) Journal*.

What the Lone Cabin Held.

"Happy and prosperous New Year to all!"

The words shone in blue chalk over the door of a lone cabin in the bleak wilds of Alaska; and within, dimly seen amid the shadows, were the still bodies of three men. Two lay side by side in the cabin bunk, and a third hung limp across a bed-rail.

On a table near by rested a Bible and a cup half-filled with water, and on the floor were two donnage bags painted with the names:

"J. E. Allison."

"S. Carter."

Four prospectors in the Big Salmon District came upon the solitary shack late one day while traveling on their way back to civilization. They saw the welcoming words over the entrance, and pushed wide the door with a cheery greeting on their lips. And there, in the silence, with shadows gathering in the deepening night, they stood by the bedside of the three who lay locked in death.

By the dim light they explored the cabin. There were supplies in plenty. It was not starvation—it was not cold.

"Scurvy," said one of the four huskily, and they left the cabin with bowed heads. They had stood in a camp of the dread scourge of the Northland.

When E. C. Dunning, W. Funk, W. Martin, and J. Church reached Atlin, they reported their gruesome night-find to the authorities, and a party was dispatched to the scene with instructions to bury the bodies.

Dunning and his partners had been in the Big Salmon Country sixteen months. They had found many creeks paying \$5 to the man, but no rich diggings. The gold was fine, and the expense of getting supplies into the district was so great that they felt it useless to continue there.

They had sought fortune and not found it, and were returning to civilization in disappointment. But when they went from the scurvy-stricken cabin on that night so well remembered, it was with a prayer of thanks in each heart that fate had spared them that New Year death in the lone cabin.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer*.

All In the West.

The streets of Helena were recently the scene of a one-act melodrama which goes to show that all the world's akin after all, and that a professional gambler is as likely to have a heart in him as other people of less precarious calling. The chief actors in the little play, says the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*, were a gambler, a ragged street urchin, and an interested spectator. Not a complicated dramatis personæ certainly, and while there lacked the blood-curdling activity of "La Tosca," and the intricacy of a Shakespearean creation, there was a touch of the human in the entire affair that makes it worth recording on tablets of gold.

The street urchin was wofully ragged and unkempt, and his pinched features betokened the absence of nourishing food for many days. He was distinctly down on his luck, in the vernacular of the fraternity, and nothing could possibly come his way that would not improve his condition. He was leaning against a telegraph-pole, and his manner betokened that he had about given up hope for the future, and that despair was rapidly working out a condition of complete gloom in his tiny soul. But he caught the eye of the member of the sporting

fraternity, a typical specimen of his kind, with soft, white hat, striped trousers, red shirt and green necktie, with the accompaniment of patent-leather shoes and other accessories that betokened a run of luck, with things all coming his way by twos and in carriages. Eyeing the lad for a full minute, some sort of good emotion seemed working beneath his well-groomed exterior, and he softly ejaculated, "Well, I'll be d—!" But he never will be, if the recording angel sums up the evidence for the prosecution solely on the facts that followed.

Without a word, he walked up to the boy, took him by the hand, and said:

"Come along with me, kid; you look like you been up against a losing streak."

Together they marched down the street to a clothing-store, followed by the third actor in the little drama, the interested spectator, who was curiously watching the outcome of what seemed to him an extraordinary occurrence. Entering a clothing-store, the gambler instructed the clerk that came forward to fit the boy out with a complete set of clothing, from shoes to hat, with two pairs of stockings for a change. This was quickly accomplished, and the gambler stepped back and surveyed the work.

"Kid, you look like you might have ridden the winner in the Brooklyn handicap," he remarked. "But, say, here's a dollar; go and feed your face. And when you have done that, go out and take a square look at the world."

The boy didn't need another invitation. He made a bee-line for a restaurant. The gambler went off down the street, with a far-away look in his eyes that may have been called up by memories of his own childhood;—or he might have been figuring up the profits of the game for the past week—who knows?

A Member of a Noted Band.

James Kelsey, a member of the Wyoming sheriff's posse which recently pursued several Southern Pacific train-robbers through the Devil's Hole Country, in the Western part of that State, and who was one of the men that engaged the outlaws in battle, was in Minneapolis recently, on his way East, where his parents reside.

Tall, broad-shouldered, straight as an Indian, and tanned to a deep brown by the Western winds and sun, the Minneapolis *Tribune* says that Kelsey attracted considerable attention as he walked up Nicollet Avenue with a friend. His dress was not such as would be looked for on a man from a country where outlaw hunting is a common sport; instead, he looked more like a well-to-do business man from a country town.

"These the largest rifles you have?" he asked, as he dropped into a shooting-gallery in Nicollet Avenue and picked up one of the little guns, at which he gazed in a somewhat contemptuous manner.

"They are big enough for you," responded the attendant. "If you can shoot at all, you can shoot with that gun as well as with a bigger one."

"Load her up, and I'll give the targets a whirl," said Kelsey, with a laugh, as he laid a quarter on the counter.

As the attendant handed the gun to the man, and noted the awkward manner in which he took it, he remarked, in an undertone to a bystander:

"Get on to the 'greenie.' I'll bet he can't hit anything."

When Kelsey turned loose with the rifle, a blank look came into the face of the attendant, and he gasped for breath. A sheet of solid flame seemed to issue from the muzzle of the rifle, so fast did Kelsey work the lever and pull

the trigger. All the bells on the target were set ringing, for every time a bullet struck it hit a bull's-eye, and the steady ping of the bits of lead as they landed was just a trifle disconcerting to the shooting-gallery man after his remark that the shooter was a "greenie."

"Think I'll do?" asked Kelsey, as he finally lowered the rifle and handed it back to the attendant. "That's only child's play," he added; "out in my country a man who can't do that every day in the week, drunk or sober, is counted a pretty poor stick."

The admiring glances of the crowd that had gathered followed Kelsey as he continued his walk up the street. No one present knew his name, but all agreed that he would do, any spot he might be placed.

When asked about his chase after the Southern Pacific outlaws, and the battle fought in the canyon, Kelsey repeated the story as published at the time. There had been no new developments, he said, and as the men sought by the officers were probably way down in the southwestern borderland by this time, they probably never would be captured.

"The chase after them showed that the officers of Wyoming meant business," he added,

The bear being only a yearling, and having been treed so easily, Van Ostran offered to climb the tree and shake him out, evidently thinking him on a par with a coon; but the bear held onto the limb, and refused to be given the shake. Then a rope was passed to Van Ostran, who threw a noose over the bear's head, and, giving the rope to one of the boys who was on horseback, the latter took a turn around the horn of the saddle and succeeded in pulling the bear down. Right here the fun commenced. The bear rushed at the horse and struck him a powerful blow with his right, cutting a deep gash in the horse's shoulder and side, and freeing himself from the lariat.

The sheepmen were all up bull pines, by this time, and had a fine view of the battle, the hounds being assisted by a shepherd dog. The shepherd getting too near, the bear made a swipe at him, getting his claws under the dog's collar and, off at arm's length, made him dance a jig for some minutes, the hounds then closing in to help the shepherd dog out.

They were put out of the game in one-two-three order, with the exception of A. Smythe's staghound "Rattler," who seized the bear by the throat, and was immediately locked in an

ovan's room brought the eighth-grade teacher to the entrance and face to face with a man who was a stranger to her. His apparel was faultless, and diamonds glistened on his fingers and in his shirt-front, and from his watch-chain hung a nugget of gold.

"Is this the eighth-grade room?" he asked, in eager expectancy.

"Yes," Miss Donovan answered.

"Is Miss Leta Lake in?" he asked again, his expectancy increasing.

"Miss Leta Lake is no longer a school-teacher in Chicago," was Miss Donovan's reply. "She gave up teaching when she was married, two months ago."

Paleness forced its way through the bronze on the miner's face. "Leta married?" he gasped. "Why, we were to have been married when I returned from the gold-fields. She gave me her promise, and I relied upon her faithfulness."

Miss Donovan closed the door to hide from the pupils within the emotion displayed by the disappointed miner. "I have heard of you," she said to him. "You did not write since you left for Alaska. Miss Lake often spoke of you, and I know she loved you. Your seeming neglect led her to believe that you had forsaken



BEAUTIFUL SLOCAN LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

To the right is the vast bulk of Valhalla Mountain, and to the left are Slocan and Silver mountains. Slocan Lake is full of charm and mystery. Its waters are very clear, and vary in depth from 200 to 600 feet. Steamers ply to and fro upon its bosom, and it is said to abound in trout and other toothsome fish. There are many lovely lakes in British Columbia, but none that compare with beautiful Slocan Lake.

"and for that reason it will have a good moral effect. There are, of course, many desperate men out in that country, and when they once realize that their lives will pay the penalty of any crime they may commit, they will become more careful in their actions."

A Fight for Life.

"Rattler," a staghound from the strain taken to Arlington three years ago by R. T. Cox, has become a hero among hunters of the Arlington country by making desperate battle against a bear. Therefore Arlington can now boast of the champion bear-dog, as the following story related by George W. McCredy, a prominent sheepman of Klickitat County, shows:

Mr. McCredy says that he and a party of sheepmen consisting of Will Coleman, Milt Moorehead, George Van Ostran, the elder Coleman, and a herder, while in the vicinity of the "swamp corrals," on the Upper Klickitat River, came across a yearling brown bear which was quickly treed by the pack of coyote hounds, three in number, belonging to Will Coleman.

embrace such as only a bear can give, the two rolling over and over on the ground, the dog never breaking his hold, and lying so close to the bear's breast that he was unable, apparently, to squeeze him very hard.

Thus they fought for over twenty minutes, until at last the bear succumbed, with his windpipe cut in two. Old man Coleman said he had killed a good many bear in his time, but he never saw such a game fight as "Rattler" made on that occasion.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

He Had Suffered in Vain.

A bronzed and bearded miner from Alaska walked away from the Phil Sheridan school in South Chicago recently, broken-hearted and despondent. He had returned from the trails of the Klondike rich in this world's goods, to find that the prize he considered the richest in the world had proved false to him and had married a widower, whose most valuable possession is three small children.

The afternoon session of the school had just begun when a knock at the door of Miss Ida Don-

her, and she has married a widower with three small children and has gone to Ohio to live. As often as she spoke of you, she never told me your name. May I ask you what it is?"

"I did not write, because the fortune I expected to dig from the gold-fields of Alaska did not come to me as soon as I expected," said the miner. "It did not come until the last moment, but when it did come it came fast, and I hurried back to claim the woman who had promised to wait for me. I am rich—rich enough to have given her a life of ease. But the riches I most desired is now another's, and my dream of happiness is shattered. Alaska will be good enough for me for the rest of my days. She never told you my name, and I never shall. Good-bye, and thank you."

The bronzed and disappointed miner walked out of the school, down the steps, and hurried to an Illinois Central train. He is now doubtless on his way to the gold-fields again, where he will try to forget the school-teacher who could not wait for him because he had failed to keep the mail-bags warm with his letters.

A GRAPHIC SKETCH OF FRONTIER LIFE.

By Legh R. Freeman.

When the vanguard of the Mormons passed Jim Bridger's fort in 1847, bound for the Utah basin, the old trapper and guide told Brigham Young that he would give him \$100 for the first bushel of wheat raised in the Great American Desert. In that same region today is the State of Utah as a 45th integral of the galaxy of the American stars, and the Mormon temple is the headquarters of a theological society destined to become still more noted among the religious orders of the world.

When the author of this article first began to publish in that desert, people said that the plains would never be settled, for the reason that there was no fencing, and, even if there were, the millions of buffalo would break down the fences; the hostile savages would scalp the settlers; the country was too dry for crops; and if anything could be raised, there was no way to get it to market.

In the spring of 1866, after the Latter Day Saints had demonstrated to the world what the sage-brush lands were good for under irrigation, during nineteen years of toil, there was held at Fort Laramie a treaty. Two hostile chiefs had been induced to talk to each other through the telegraph operators at Julesburg, Colorado, and at another point near where Casper, Wyoming, now is. After that they said they would never again molest the overland telegraph line, as they believed it to be the work of the Great Spirit. The Government believed it to be an auspicious time to call a council of the tribes that represented 50,000 wild men. Runners were sent out, and 16,000 Indians congregated. Among them were the chiefs of the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Sioux. The oldest of the white pioneers were there. It was the first occasion on which the renowned Sioux chief, Red Cloud, showed his face to the white men. In the intervals between council meetings, the famous dances were held—the buffalo-dance, green-corn dance, sun-dance, scalp-dance, etc.

On one occasion the commissioners went on a deer-hunt up Sabile and Chugwater creeks. The writer of this article was one of the party. He went out alone from the camp, and did not return until midnight. His absence was discussed, and the consensus of opinion was that the quill-driver had fallen a prey to the hostiles. Under this conviction, Lieut. John B. Furay wrote his epitaph:

"Here lie the remains of Legh R. Freeman.
He lived and died a printer's demon.
Stranger, tread lightly on this sod,
For if he gapes you're gone, be g—d!"

After the party returned to the fort, Spotted Tail made a speech in Sioux dialect. He said:

"We rented this trail along the south side of the Platte to our great father at Washington for fifty-five years, for the white man to travel across our country to California. We have never received our annuities from but one agent, and that was 'Bad Hand' (Major Fitzpatrick, who had been shot through the hand). All the others stole our goods and cached them away. Their tongues were forked; the words rolled out of their mouths until our ears were full. Now the white men have begun to go into our game country north of the Platte, and if you do not stop them we will rub them all out."

The most elaborate pipe of peace ever cut out of the Manitou quarries passed three times

around the room, each white frontiersman, and each chief blowing the smoke out through his nostrils, and grunting—"Ugh! Ugh!" All the while, Jim Bridger sat there patting his foot on the floor. The Indians asked why the white man made no answer, but still in slow-measured tread was the ominous sound of the brogan on the floor. Standing Elk, Little Thunder, Running Bear, and the Man-afraid-of-his-horses, each in turn inquired why the Sioux speech was treated with silent contempt; but no response came, save the monotonous sound of that foot.

"What means that sound?" asked Red Cloud.

Then Bridger rose up and made the most eloquent speech ever uttered by the lips of man. It came from a trapper who could not write his own name. He had observed the Westward march of empire, and had become fully imbued with the destiny of the vast country west of the Mississippi. He said:

"That is the tramp of the millions that are coming, and you can no more stop the white man from going north of the Platte, than you



LEGH R. FREEMAN, AS HE LOOKED IN THE OLD PIONEER DAYS.

can stop the Platte River from flowing past this fort to the sea!"

Today a city called Laramie has arisen almost in the center of the State of Wyoming, carved out of the Dakotas; and beyond its borders have developed four more great States, carved out of the game country which Spotted Tail claimed was to be forever held sacred as the exclusive hunting-grounds of the wild tribes who roamed over it like so many Bedouins over the plains of Arabia.

That spring the writer took two four-horse wagons loaded with supplies, and three trained hunting-horses, and went to explore the mysterious geyser region that the old trappers told him about. He gave to the world the first published account of what is today the Yellowstone National Park. He built a fort in the shape of a cross, so as to get a cross-fire on assailants from whatever direction they might come. A tunnel was run from the Yellowstone River into the fort, and a shaft or well was sunk down to

the tunnel. A boat was kept in the tunnel constantly. The Indians laid siege to the place, and drove off all the horses. The writer went down into the boat, glided out into the river in the night, and, crossing over, made his way to the half-breed hamlet of Bozeman, Mont., where he bought cattle and returned to the fort only to find it in ashes. The men he left there to garrison it had become alarmed and had moved away. The second morning out from Bozeman with the cattle, the writer came to the wagon-train of Hugh Kirkendall—which had fought its way through from Fort Scott, Kansas. With it were Jim Bridger and John Bozeman. They told the writer that if he went on afoot, driving those cattle, he would never reach his fort. They said the country was alive with big war parties. Regardless of this advice, he proceeded, and when on the slope where Hunter's Hot Springs are, a war party mounted on superb steeds began to circle around him. He got between two oxen which were yoked together, seized the ring in the yoke with one hand, and with the other hand he prodded the cattle with his rifle, and goaded them into a gallop.

After a running fight of several miles, one ox fell, pierced by many arrows. The writer dispatched the other with a ball from a pistol, and, lying between them, slacked his thirst with their warm blood. The rifle-shots were heard and a party of immigrants came to the rescue.

Later, the writer asked a Crow what the Indians thought of the white man who built the fort. He answered:

"We think you were raised among the Indians, because you mount your horse on the right side, and because you practice Indian tactics. The hostiles say they have always been foiled in their efforts to take you, and they wonder where you got the red mare that runs like the wind. Their name for you is 'Big Jaw,' because you talk all the time."

Soon after this the Indians killed ninety soldiers of the regular army, and two citizen guides—all fighting their best; not a man escaped. This was on Peno Creek, just north of Fort Phil Kearney, which was built at the junction of Big and Little Piney creeks.

John Bozeman, the pioneer, and Tom Couver, the discoverer of the famous placer gold-mines at Virginia City, Montana, passed the camp of the writer on their way to Fort C. F. Smith on the Big Horn. Five renegade Blackfeet, who talked Ipsaroke (Crow dialect), came to their camp and were eating, when two of them put bullets through Bozeman's heart, and shot Couver in the shoulder. Couver came to our camp that night.

Our party proceeded via Trail Creek to the Upper Yellowstone, but on the way a band of pretended peaceable Crows drew us almost into an ambush, and got our horses and supplies. Our party of five had nothing to eat for three and a half days except a curlew and one biscuit apiece. At last we came to a wolfer's abandoned camp, and cooked the strychnine out of some poisoned elk, and ate it.

Going on to Bear Creek, near Mammoth Hot Springs, we found placer gold, but while the boys were washing out some nuggets, the Indians burned our wickiup of green fir boughs. We made our way with great difficulty over a big range of mountains, and camped in a grove of quaking asp. There was but one rifle and one cartridge among us, and that was in my Ballard rifle, which was left standing against a tree when the wickiup was burned. With this I shot a mountain sheep, splitting his under parts; and as he tumbled over a cliff into a salty geyser, his entrails rolled out. We took a pole and fished him out, and found that he

was cleaned, cooked, and salted, and that he made a palatable meal.

After that mutton was consumed, we went down the river, rested under some choke-cherry bushes, and talked over the sad plight we were in. It was a thousand miles by river to the nearest white men east of us at Fort Union. We were without food, ammunition, and fishing tackle. Presently a flock of fish-eagles swooped down on a ripple where a school of trout were swimming, and each of them brought up a fish in its talons. We rushed out, threw our wide-trimmed hats, and frightened the birds, causing them to drop the fish on shore. At that time we thought the incident quite equal to the ravens feeding Elijah, and we think so still.

By and by we ran across a Crow camp, and procured some provisions and horses. The old chief said his "heart was dragging on the ground because his squaw boiled the watermelon that her son-in-law, X. Beidler, sent her; she mistaking it for some kind of pumpkin or squash!

While we were there, General Hazen, the inspector general of the department, passed with a troop of cavalry en route to Fort Benton under Guide Brennan. Before they reached their destination the soldiers thought they were lost, and they wanted to hang the guide. The general took Brennan aside and told him what the boys said. Their last ration had been consumed. Brennan got him to mount and ride with him to the top of a range of hills, and showed him Ft. Benton, half a day's ride from where they were. The general clasped the guide's hand, declared that he was the best guide he ever saw, and asked how he could take a party hundreds of miles across a trackless country to a certainty within a given number of hours? Brennan replied that it was not difficult to do when the great buffalo-trail and the Indian trail, leading north and south, are plainly visible the whole distance.

As the party was afterwards going down the hill to Ft. C. F. Smith, an Indian lying in a ravine sent a bullet through Brennan's heart.

John Reishaw, a half-breed Sioux whose squaw camped at Bozeman, went to Spotted Tail's camp, and the son of the chief sent an arrow clear through him, remarking, as he did so:

"You are at home with too many tribes; your wickiup is among the whites; you trade with the Crows; you go among the Blackfeet, the Cheyennes, and the Sioux. You pretend to be friendly with all, but you are true to none. I will finish you."

During 1866 and 1867, over 400 white people were killed in the country between Fort Laramie and Bozeman, Montana, in the game country which Spotted Tail said at the treaty was forbidden ground; and the Indians drove out of the country the regular army garrisons at forts C. F. Smith, Phil. Kearney, and Reno.

THE TRYST.

Come with me tonight, love, the stars shine so bright,
love,

A sweet, balmy breath on the south wind is borne;
The forests are sleeping where dark shadows, creep-
ing.

Will flee at the earliest touch of the morn.

The brook sends a greeting to hasten our meeting.

I hear the glad murmur that flows through its song;
Come quickly away, love, for soon breaks the day, love,
To you and to me these swift hours belong!

The soft dews are falling, the night-hawk is calling,

The silvery moon bends its course to the west;

'Tis no time for sorrow, keep that for tomorrow,

These moments are ours, love, and they are the best!

Spearfish, S. D.

MABEL CLAIRE LOUTHAN.

THE MIRACLE OF THE CAMP.

In the roughest of all rough places,—

A gold-camp, long no more,—

A pistol play in a gambling fray

Tallied another score.

They placed the youth on the "green-cloth" board—

The mark of a "44."

Unseemly long in dying,

Restless he tossed and moaned,

All for his useless crying

For one who his love disowned;

Till he, through anguish and sighing,

At last to his Lord atoned:

"Lord, I repent; forgive me,

As I do him that has slain;

And let me not depart, O Lord,

Till I see my love again.

Lord, ere mine eyes grow dim in death,

Oh, let me not plead in vain!"

Said one, a grim old gambler,

Who'd joke at the Holy Ghost:

"Send for Yosemite Nell, and she

Shall stand for the one that's lost;

A man with a hole in his head like that

Ought to be dead as a post."

So, down to the "painted" district

They hurried a message that said:

"Come up to the 'Palace' to reconcile

A fellow that ought to be dead,

Who lies on the 'green-cloth' table,

A '44' ball through his head."

Likewise, in a manner of jesting,

Yosemite made her reply:

"Go tell 'em I'm there in a jiffy.

To help out their man to die;

And I'll be anything to him

That happens to suit his eye."

She went from the place

of sinning

To the "Palace" of

equal sin,

Where men in a row let

on to show

Their love of the jest

with a grin.

Flauntingly went Yo-

semita Nell.

And merrily went she

in.

But all of this outcast

woman,

Who perished so long

ago,

Returned at the sight of

the blood-stained

green,

Where the dying youth

lay low:

"I will not trifle with

ought like this,"

She muttered, and

turned to go.

He heard but her garments rustle.

Like the cry of Evangeline,

At Gabriel's couch, the young man cried:

"You have come, lost love of mine!

Pure and fair, with your bright, bright hair,

And that beautiful face of thine."

Over the face of the woman,

Swiftly as comes the light,

There came a change so wondrous strange

That the men fell back in fright;

They drew not near for the sudden fear

That comes with a ghost at night.

Gone from the brow of the fallen one

Was sinister sin's dark dye,

And in its place was a fair girl's face

That shone with purity;

For her dark hair, now floated there

A film like the sunset sky.

Tenderly bent she over the youth,

Who once was as pure as she;

No longer was it the fallen one—



That moment she ceased to be.
She pressed a kiss on the pallid brow,
And he held her tenderly.

It was not the kiss of Yosemite Nell,
But the kiss of the one he knew—
Who dwelt where the white magnolias bloom—
Who was pure as the new-dropped dew.
Softly she kissed the cold, high brow,
And murmured: "I've come to you!"

So, for his faith in his good Lord,
The dying was pacified,
For he gazed again on the face of one
Who once would have been his bride;
And the face faded not till he vanished—
No, it faded not till he died.

Flauntingly came Yosemite in,
But humbly out went she,
For she was absolved from all her sin
By the touch of the wondrous Three.
She who had been a magdalen,
Now lived but for charity.

The face of the fair young girl had fled,
But the spirit still had control;
From camp to camp her footsteps sped,
On her mission to console;
And many a one, when she was dead,
Said fervently, "Rest her soul!"

L. A. OSBORNE.

Warren, Idaho.

MINNESOTA.

When the steel-gray winter air
Weaves frost-jewels in thy hair,
Lends thy ermine silver-sheen,
Thou art called "a northern queen."

When the sun leads Iris forth,—
Boreas gone farther north,—
Love-notes of thy robins sing
In the offerture to spring.

Far and wide the plowshares gleam,
Life resounds in field and stream,
Downy white melts into green,
And the crocus smiles between.

Once thy summer-lilies blaze
Deep in grass; the cattle graze.
What is sweeter—new-mown hay,
Or the meadow-lark's flute-lay?

Where are lovelier, cooler nooks
Than thy lakesides—willowed brooks,
Moss-grown boulders, hillside laps,
Bur-oaks, where the woodpeck taps;

Clovered table spread for bees,
Grapevine hammocks, leaning trees,
Woodbine chapel near a spring,
Where the wood-choir's anthems ring?

On thy mighty river's way,
Mill and factory hum and sway—
Traffic, with its princely crest,
Reflects oceans East and West.

Grain-fields, like thy Inland Sea,
Wave and billow toward the lee
Where the bunch and bluegrass nod
To the flax and goldenrod.

Autumn's scenes are toned down,
Frost dyes green in russet-brown,
Garnered are thy golden sheaves—
Only woods wear painted leaves.

Snow again! In forests gray
Woodmen camp, and axes sway.
Giants fall—their shadows glow
In the springtide's surging flow.

E. HOHNBECK

PEACE, OR WAR?

'Tis well to keep the truce of Peace
And leave the sword undrawn,
For well we know that we must come
When red War walks at dawn.

Tarry before ye sound the drum
To wake the call to arms.
For in War's train shall evil
And work a thousand harms.

But mark ye this—till time shall cease,
The hand in mail shall be
The keeper of the Nation's rights
And hopes of liberty.

And when oppression stalks abroad,
Earth's best-beloved is he
Who bares the sword and stakes his life
To keep his country free.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Rock Elm, Wis.



Increase of Wealth In Montana.

The reports of all the county assessors of Montana have now been received by the State Board of Equalization, and that body is now ready to begin the work of equalizing, says the Helena (Mont.) Herald.

The total increase for the entire State, exclusive of railroads, over last year's figures is \$5,869,073, a larger increase than was ever reported for any year in the history of the State.

Last year the total assessment of property in the State, as finally equalized by the State and county boards, was \$119,960,108, exclusive of the railroads. If the figures are not materially changed by the State and county boards of this year, the total assessment of real and personal property for the year, exclusive of railroads, will be \$125,829,181. The railroad assessment was fixed by the State board last year at \$13,793,581. It is not believed that these figures will be materially changed by the State board.

Ranges of Eastern Oregon.

Accurate local statistics relative to the range stock industry of Eastern and Southeastern Oregon are not available, but in a general way it is known to be very large. In January of last year, according to an official report of the Department of Agriculture, Oregon contained 193,588 horses, valued at \$3,989,854; 782,457 cattle (of which 667,030 are classified as "other than milch cows"), valued at \$14,646,537; and 2,682,779 sheep, valued at \$4,451,150.

By far the larger part of this wealth in live stock—a wealth which reproduces itself every three or four years—is dependent for its existence upon the public ranges; and it needs no argument to prove that their destruction would be a serious misfortune. Already their marked decline has cut down the value and productiveness of the stock interest; and if nothing is done to conserve the ranges, greater losses are assured in the immediate future.—Portland Oregonian.

A Good Sheep Country.

The following article from Professor Thomas Shaw, of the Minnesota State Farm, is well worth reading:

The conditions for sheep husbandry in Minnesota, the professor says, are almost perfect, yet we do not possess nearly so many sheep as many other States in which the conditions are not so favorable. The evidences are not wanting, however, of a greatly increased interest in sheep husbandry. Many farmers are today asking, "Where can I buy some sheep?" and many flocks are being established, large or small, in almost every county of the State. While some of those who embark in the work are proceeding wisely, some are not, and chiefly from want of knowledge as to the best way in which the work ought to be conducted.

Usually there is a desire on the part of the farmers who take up this work to launch out too extensively at the outset, and yet to put money into sheep that are too costly. The man who ought to begin with a score, wants to start out with a flock numbering one or two hundred, and the man who ought to begin with

the commonest blood, is too much prone to invest in costly high-grades or pure-bloods. It would be very much better to begin with a flock small in numbers and of mixed blood.

There is no better method of embarking in the business than to employ a commission man who can be relied on to purchase what is wanted at the stockyards. Range ewes will furnish excellent material as they come in from the stockyards in the fall on their way to the market. They should be bought for the price paid for common stockers; that is to say, for meat prices. If yearlings can be bought, they should be preferred, but oftentimes they are scarce. Older ewes will answer, but of course they cannot be kept so long. One may sometimes be able to start with ewes considered too old to rustle on the range, yet they will do very nicely on the arable farm. Such ewes can sometimes be purchased for \$2.50 per head, and even for less.

But the sires used must be of a very different class. They should be chosen from some of the pure breeds now in the country. The most common of these is the Oxfords, the Shropshires, the Hampshires, the Southdowns, and the Cotswold. If winter lambs are wanted, Dorset sires should be chosen. Sires of these breeds are not so plentiful as they ought to be in this State. There is a fine opening for the breeding of these, and it will continue for many years to come. The demand for pure sires should increase indefinitely.

Where sheep are kept in large numbers on any farm, some green food should be grown for summer pasturage. Grass pastures get over-dry in the autumn. There is probably no one food so good for this purpose as rape. It would not be wise to winter sheep on native hay, on corn-fodder, or on timothy hay, when either of these is fed alone. But in combination with other fodders, any of these may be profitably fed. There is, perhaps, no single fodder so good for sheep as well-cured clover, cut early. Next to that would come oats, cut a shade green. While any kind of grain may be fed in combination, of the grains we grow no one is so well adapted for feeding sheep as oats.

Nearly all the trouble found in keeping sheep in this State arises from injudicious feeding in winter. Great care should be taken to give liberty to the flock in winter. One of the mistakes oftenest made is in keeping them too closely housed, and a second is in keeping them too closely confined to the yards.

South Dakota Lands.

The reports of the officers of the Chamberlain, S. D., United States Land Office for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, show a large amount of business transacted. There were 200 homestead filings, covering 45,000 acres; seventy-five homesteaders in the district have made final proof on their claims, and twenty-eight proofs have been made on timber entries. Besides these homestead entries and final proofs, a very large number of contests have been heard by the local officers.

It is noticeable that there has been an increase in the amount of business transacted each quarter, compared with the previous one, which apparently indicates that the country is entering upon the first stages of a steady and substantial boom. The number of entries and proofs the past quarter were fifty per cent greater than any preceding quarter during the year.

At the present time there are 1,067,843 acres of vacant land subject to entry in the Chamberlain land district. Of this amount 1,643,943 acres are west of the Missouri River, and the remainder, 25,900 acres, is in Brule and Buffalo counties in the district east of the river. What is now called Greater Lyman County, formerly Lyman, Presho and Pratt according to the

Government survey, has an area of 2,164,500 acres, including Indian reservations to the amount of 883,250 acres, 1,000,000 acres of which is open to settlement under the homestead laws.

The Minnesota State Fair.

It is not necessary to assure the people of Minnesota that the coming State Fair, which will be held at Hamline September 4 to 9 inclusive, will be worthy of the week which is dedicated to this great Harvest Home Festival. For several years, under what is practically its present management, it has been a really great exposition of Northwestern live stock, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests; and so well have these interests found expression that Minnesota stands in the front rank, if not first, among all sister States in the magnitude and high character of its annual fairs.

The attractions are well-balanced. No one interest dominates the rest. Every one, no matter what his special tastes, finds that his favorite department has had special attention and is really great. The lover of the horse has a rich race programme in which the fastest horses of the country contest for special honors. The admirer of the sleek beef breeds finds them all represented. The show of dairy cattle and of butter and cheese, and of everything pertaining to dairying, is commensurate with the dairy interests of a State which acknowledges no superior in this giant industry.

The progress of sheep husbandry, as yet one of the infant industries of the State, is indicated by the show in the sheep barns; in the swine-pens are specimens that would carry off ribbons in the corn-belt, though only a few years ago there were but a few hundred swine in the State, and its people were great importers of mess pork, lard, bacon, and hams. Horticultural Hall is always a bower of beauty, with its immense collection of fruit and flowers; the poultry show ranks with the greatest held in this country, and the exhibit of agricultural products is always representative of a great agricultural State.

These are all representative and educational features of the fair. Its amusement features are perhaps less important, but they are clean, entertaining, and full enough of excitement and adventure to hold the attention of the vast crowds.

This year the managers have taken a new departure, the Twin Cities having agreed to give up the week to the fair, and to present no amusement features of their own. In addition to the day programme, the gates will be opened at 6 p. m. at twenty-five cents admission. The grounds will be beautifully illuminated, and every building brilliantly lighted. There will be time for a short run through all the buildings after the gates are open in the evening and before the evening programme begins in front of the grand stand, with its thousands of spectators. At eight o'clock the signal rockets will announce the opening event, and then will follow in rapid succession the amusement features of the evening, among which will be running races under the electric lights, horses diving forty feet off a platform into a miniature lake, races between a jockey, a lady, and a riderless horse; races by the "Guideless Wonders," which make a genuine race without riders or drivers; acrobats, tumblers, cyclists, all following each other with a rush which will make the spectator catch his breath with the excitement of the closing of the last before the new one comes on with a dash and gives a new sensation of interest. After an hour of this varied programme, Porter's great spectacular show, the "Burning of Manila," will follow, with, it is hoped, the veterans of the gallant 13th Minnesota in the dramatic part. The great his-



RECO AVENUE, SANDON, BRITISH COLUMBIA., 1897.

Sandon is the mining center of the Slocan Country in British Columbia, and is on the Nakusp & Slocan branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and also on the Kaslo & Slocan line. It has about 2,000 population, and is built in a canyon, the mountains surrounding it. Our illustration shows the principal street, crowded with men and pack-horses, on one of Sandon's festival days.

toric spectacle will represent the burned district of Manila as it was before the outbreak of hostilities, and there will be very realistic combats between the American troops and the insurgents, who are eventually driven back, until at last the town goes down to ashes in the midst of a most exciting and brilliant display of fireworks, far excelling anything ever seen before in the West. It has been made especially for the occasion, and gives opportunities for the display of specialties in fireworks that have never before been seen in this country, and which will prove a sensation of the first order. Those who miss the Minnesota State Fair of 1899 will miss a really great exposition in its amusement, as well as in its educational features.

Industrial Possibilities in Washington.

The Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman Review* is of the opinion that "no city in the country is better situated or has wider opportunities for the initiation and expansion of manufacturing enterprises than Spokane. It has an unrivaled water-power; raw materials are close at hand or are to be easily secured; it is the center of a marvelously rich agricultural and mining country, the population and demands of which are constantly on the increase; it is a railroad center and in easy communication with an immense tributary country, and will always be in close touch with markets which, all things being equal, would naturally look to the city for supplies. It is to all intents and purposes on the seaboard, and in a position to claim a fair share of the large trade which is already being built up with an awakening Orient.

"Spokane will thrive as the supply point of a great farming empire; it is bound to grow as the center of an immensely rich mining country, a large portion of the wealth of which will inevitably be poured into its lap. It could not fail to prosper with such tributary country back of it. But it can become larger, wealthier, and of vastly more importance if every effort is made to build up its manufactories. By every argument of situation, materials, markets, and natural opportunities it should become one of the great manufacturing

centers of the West. With the starting of new enterprises there will be additions to the substantial elements of growth it already has, and with industrial activity along diversified lines it cannot fail to become a metropolis of the first importance."

Montana State Lands.

The growth of business in the State land office this year has been remarkable. Since the beginning of the fiscal year, December 1 last, the State has leased 207,000 acres of land under new contracts. During the whole of the fiscal year of 1898 the State leased 219,514 acres, and that record was considered one to be proud of, far exceeding the business of any previous year in the history of the land office. With almost half of the fiscal year yet remaining, the record for 1899 promises to be a remarkably good one.

The 207,000 acres embrace only what is known in the office as new business. Leases are being constantly renewed, but they are not taken

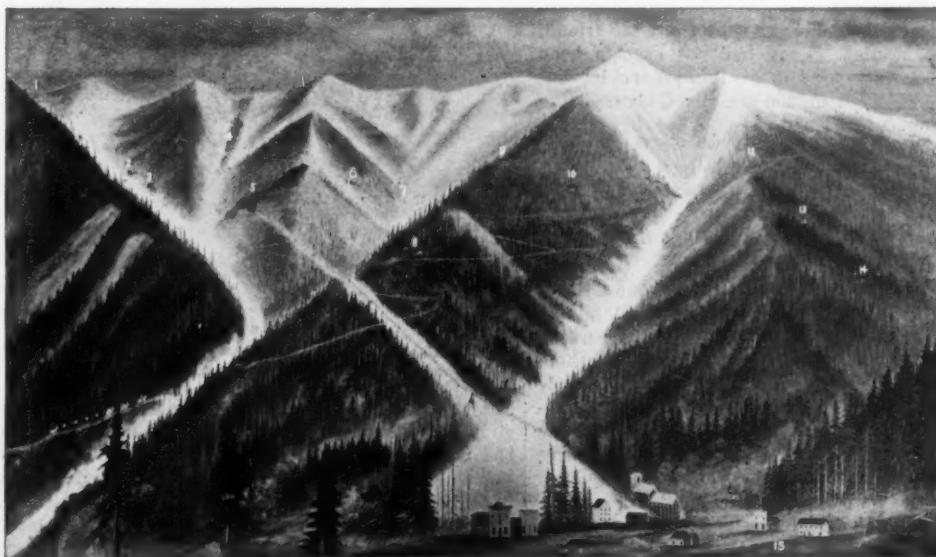
into consideration when a comparison of the work of different years are made. The lands leased since the beginning of the fiscal year will bring an annual rental to the State of approximately \$25,000. All leases are for five-year terms. In 1897 only 145,711 acres were leased by the State, but the record for that year was better than for any preceding year. State Land Register Moore says that the State now has 770,700 acres of land under lease, more than half of which has come into the revenue-producing class within the last two years. The lands under lease bring a revenue of about \$100,000 a year to the State, divided among the public schools and the several State land-grant institutions.—*Helena (Mont.) Independent*.

Good Cows Needed.

There is one observation that may be made, at the outset of the development of creameries in this section of the country, which will be realized to be true as experience is obtained. That is, that the difficulty to be overcome in the next few years is in securing cows of the right sort. It is practically impossible to buy cows that are ideal milkers. To the sections of the Northwest where creameries are working, it is almost impossible to go and purchase any number of the best kind of cows. The owners of such animals want them for their own purposes. Their cows are more valuable for the milk they give than for the money they will sell for.

There is just one way for the farmers of Morton County to secure the best results with their creameries, and that is to breed the best of cows for themselves. It will be the work of several years to get their herds in first-class condition. But what an opening there is in this locality at this time for the breeding of milch cows for the use of the patrons of the creameries that are being started! There is no limit to the market that can be found for the best cows that can be raised, and the prices that can be obtained for such animals will be high.

It will pay all who are concerned in this matter to secure the very best breeding-stock, make a business of it, and expect to make money. It is a sure business that is bound to pay large dividends, and the dividends will be measured only by the brains and good judgment used.—*Mandan (N. D.) Pioneer*.



RECO MOUNTAIN AND MINES, SANDON, B. C.

Mining locations and well-developed properties are thick about Sandon, and the numerals in our illustration afford some indication of the fact. Ores are chiefly silver-lead. Shipments from this district last year aggregated over 17,000 tons, and about 1,200 miners are employed. It is a very interesting and a very prosperous camp.

THE LAST VISIT.

By Martin H. Peck.

When war was declared against Spain, in the spring of 1898, there was at once a scramble on the part of the young men of the nation for the recruiting office. Everyone wanted to go, and everyone was fearful of being left out on account of there being such a comparatively small number of volunteers called for.

Thus it happened that Harry Sherwood, when he rode into the bustling Montana city one morning and found the war fever at its height, and men giving up all sorts of positions to enlist, made his way to the recruiting officer and offered himself without waiting for his friend and chum, James Manley. After his name had been entered on the list as a prospective member of the company, he asked the officer if the company was nearly full.

"Well," replied that gentleman, "we are still about six men short, but I am pretty sure that we will have a full company before night."

"Can't you hold one place open until tomorrow, for my chum?" asked Harry.

"Why ain't your chum here to sign for himself?"

"We didn't either of us know there was likely to be a call," Harry answered. "He went out after some cattle, yesterday, and as we hadn't seen a newspaper for ten days, I told him that I would ride to town and find out the news. I can go after him, and have him here by 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I'm sorry, but you will have to take your chances of getting him here in time. I cannot hold a place open for him when there are other equally good men clamoring for a chance to enlist. However, we will probably take along fifteen or twenty men besides our full company, in order to fill out other companies that may happen to be short. If your friend can pass the examination, I think he can get a chance in one of the other companies."

Harry decided to go after his chum, and he at once mounted his horse and started. It was twenty miles out to the ranch, and as he rode along his thoughts wandered back over the years that had passed since first he had known, and learned to love as a brother, his friend, James Manley. They had not exactly been boys together, for Jim was four years older; but they had lived in the same neighborhood in Wisconsin, and Harry was just twelve years old when he first met Jim.

He had been out one day in the spring, hunting for geese. He had a good gun, and from the way the geese kept out of range he began to think that they knew it. He had been out since early morning, and now the afternoon was half gone and he had not one solitary goose to show for his day's hunt. Finally he heard geese in the swamp near by, and he was cautiously making his way towards them through the underbrush, when he suddenly heard the report of a gun not far away. Standing upright, he saw an immense flock of geese rising from the water, and he could see three floundering around in the pond, as a result of the shot he had just heard.

He was too far from the flock to get a shot, and as they arose they turned off in the opposite direction. He was standing, gun in hand, watching for one to stray within range, when he heard the swish of a ramrod being pulled, or rather flung, out of a gun, and a mo-

ment later there was a loud report, and two more geese came squawking and cackling to the water.

Moving in the direction whence came the shots, he soon discovered the sportsman, a tall, slender youth of about sixteen years, who stood calmly watching his dog bring the geese ashore.

As Harry came up, he turned.

"Hello!" he said. "Having lots of luck to-day, eh?"

"You seem to be having luck enough," Harry answered, "but I have been out all day and haven't had a shot yet."

"Well, that's tough!" said the other, with a laugh; "but perhaps this isn't your day out. Some other day you may go out and need a team to haul your game home."

"I won't need a team today, that's sure," Harry replied, laughingly.

"No, it doesn't look like it; but I'll make you a present of a couple of these, so you'll have a pretty good load, anyway. I'll have six left, and that's all I can carry."

"You are very generous," Harry exclaimed.

"There isn't a boy in my neighborhood who would be so good as that."

"There's one in your neighborhood now, at any rate," the new friend said. "My folks moved onto the old Harvey place, about a month ago, so I live only a mile and a half from you."

"Then you're Jim Manley!" Harry retorted.

"I'm mighty glad to get acquainted with you,

parting at a crossroads, each going to his own home. After that they had many a hunt together, and were always the best of friends, Jim's kind and respectful manner and gentle ways winning and holding the younger lad's affection. He never geyed or teased Harry, as "big boys" are so apt to do with "kids," but always treated him as an equal.

Jim was seldom at home after that first year. In the pine woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota in winter, and on the prairies of Dakota and Montana in the summer, he made only brief visits of a month or so to his home in the spring and the fall. His stories of the West, of cowboy life and big game in the mountains, fascinated and charmed his young friend, and when Harry was eighteen he accompanied Jim on his next Western trip.

Since then they had been everywhere together—prospecting in Idaho and Colorado, hunting and trapping in the Rocky Mountains, and working on the big cattle-ranches of Texas, Colorado, and Montana as cowboys.

In the days of which we write, they were employed as cowboys on a large ranch in Montana. When the Maine was blown up, Jim had said that there would be war, and Harry had replied, "In that case, we will enlist." But as the war did not come on right away, they had accepted an offer of a large cattle-owner, telling him, however, that in case of war they intended to enlist.



"As he looked he noted a small knot of men moving slowly toward the house and bearing some heavy burden, which he soon made out to be the form of a man."

and I guess we'll always be good friends. We'll go hunting together tomorrow. Come over in the morning, and you can take father's big breech-loader. You can do twice as good shooting with that as you can with your old musket."

"Thank you for the offer; but I generally manage to get all the game I can carry with this. Father carried it through the war, and it has probably done more shooting than any breech-loader will ever be called upon to do."

They walked together some distance, finally

And now his tired pony was climbing the hill from the top of which the ranch could be seen. He halted when he reached the summit, and gazed for a moment at the picture spread out beneath him—a broad valley, walled in by high bluffs on either side. Through the center of the valley ran a small river, which coiled and twisted and curved itself in all directions, until finally it made its way out and emptied itself into the great Missouri. From where Harry stood it looked for all the world like a small sil-

ver thread thrown carelessly upon a piece of green cloth. Near the banks of the river stood the ranch-house and corrals, and as he looked he noticed a small knot of men moving slowly towards the house and bearing some heavy burden, which he soon made out to be the form of a man.

"One of the men hurt," he reasoned. "Too bad! A bucking bronco threw him, perhaps;" and he spurred his horse ahead and soon arrived at the house.

"Who's hurt?" he asked of a cowboy who stood near the door.

"Well, I'll tell ye," was the reply. "It's that there friend o' your'n. Ain't hurt bad, though; horse fell on 'im an' hurt his knee an' ankle. Swelled up some, but no bones broke, an' he'll be all right in a week."

Harry hurried into the house, where he found his friend stretched out on a bed, his shoe off and his pants rolled up, while the kind-hearted rancher applied liniment and bandages to the injured parts.

"Well, Harry, I'm 'hors de combat' for awhile, I guess," he remarked, smiling.

"I'm awfully sorry, old fellow. Are you hurt bad?"

"Oh, no; just a bruise. It makes my leg stiff and painful, but I think it will be all right in a week or ten days. How do you happen to be back so soon? You only went away this morning, and here it is only sundown. You didn't go to town, did you?"

"Yes, I did; but I only stayed about an hour. War has been declared against Spain."

"What!" shouted Jim, rising to a sitting posture, and swinging his hat. "Hear that, boys! War's declared, and we'll knock the Spaniards into a cocked hat in no time. Have they called for volunteers yet?"

"Yes; a call has been issued asking for 100,000 volunteers. Companies and regiments are being organized all over the country. One company is being raised in town, and it is nearly full. I put my name down, and then came out to get you. I wish now that I had come out here before signing, as your injury will keep you from enlisting."

"I'm the child of misfortune this trip, anyway," Jim murmured. "I'd give a year's wages if this leg of mine was as well as it was this morning. You've got your opportunity and will take it, and I'll have to punch cattle until you get back."

"But I don't have to leave you," responded Harry. "My signing this time does not bind me to serve. I would not be actually enlisted until I had passed the medical examination and been mustered into the service of the United States."

"As to that, Harry, do you want to enlist?"

"Yes; but for your sake—"

"Never mind my sake," interrupted Jim.

"You have joined this company, and, though not legally bound, you are in honor bound to stay with it. If a chance offers, after my leg gets well, I will enlist in some other regiment; and, though we may not be together, we shall be serving the same cause, and when the war is over we will meet again."

"All right, Jim; those are my sentiments exactly. I'll stay with you tonight, and tomorrow I'll go to town and join my company. I hope your leg will get well in time for you to join some command—my own regiment if it be possible."

All night did Harry remain by the bedside of his friend. They had much to talk of, and as they did not expect to meet again for a long time, they said all they possibly could say while they had the opportunity. The new day was just breaking when Harry bade his friend good-bye, and, mounting his horse, again took

the trail for town, where he arrived after about two hours' riding, and found his company preparing to start for the State capital. He joined it, and after a series of marching and countermarching through the streets of the city, they boarded a train and, before night, were in camp in Helena. A few weeks at Camp Smith, and then a trip to San Francisco, where they remained for a long time before being finally ordered to the Philippines.

* * *

Jim, in the meantime, rapidly recovered from his injury, and two months later found him battling for his country before Santiago, he having been a member of the rough riders. In that battle he was wounded; and afterwards, receiving an honorable discharge, he returned to Montana to punch cattle and to wait for the return of his friend.

One cold day in February he was out looking up weak cattle, and, having traveled farther than he had intended, found himself, late in the afternoon, caught in a snow-storm. He knew that he would be unable to reach his employer's ranch before dark, so he struck out for a deserted sheep-herder's cabin, which he thought lay about two miles north.

He struck out at once, and after a short ride he came to a railroad track. In crossing this he noticed a newspaper lying on the embankment, and, dismounting, he picked it up. It was too dark to make out the small print, but he managed to spell out the date. It was dated that morning.

A mile farther, and he found the cabin. There was a good barn near by, with plenty of hay, and, after making his horse comfortable, he went to the cabin, where he found a stove, a straw bed, and a few blankets. He searched until he found an old ax, with which he cut some wood, soon having a cheerful fire going.

He sat before the fire, smoking and thinking of his friend, and of the war. He had been thinking thus for some time, when he heard the door open softly, and in the dim light of the fire he saw a face peering into the room.

"Come in!" he invited; and in response to the summons the stranger advanced into the room, revealing to the astonished cowboy the face and form of his friend, Harry Starwood.

He recovered his composure instantly, and advanced with outstretched hand and warm words of greeting; but Harry waved him off.

"I can't give you the 'glad hand,' Jim," he said, "for my hands are so cold and stiff that it would chill you to touch them; so you'll excuse me, old fellow."

Somehow Jim did not feel inclined to press his request for a handshake. He found a bench, placed it in a comfortable position for his friend, and then resumed his own seat.

"How in the world did you happen to stumble onto this cabin, Harry?" he asked.

"Oh," Harry answered, "I heard you were working out in this neighborhood, and I was hunting you up. This cabin is a pretty handy thing for lonely wayfarers to stumble onto, isn't it?"

"Yes; but it would be better if we could find some grub stowed away in it somewhere."

They soon fell to discussing the war, Jim telling of the campaign in Cuba, while Harry gave a description of the Philippines, and the operations of the army under General Merritt.

"The war was so short," he said, "that few of the boys had any chance to win promotion. You were not promoted, were you?"

"Oh, yes; I was made a corporal," Jim answered; "and if the war had lasted, I might have gone even higher. I was wounded at San-

tiago, though, and to bear a wound received in battle is an honor equal to promotion." "To die in battle is an honor, too!" was the reply.

"I have always thought so, and I have often wondered if you thought so too," said Jim. "When we were going into the fight, I said to myself that if you were only with me, and we could go down together, it would be a fitting end to our life of friendship. I wonder, had I been killed in Cuba and you in the Philippines, if our souls would ever have come together?"

"No doubt of it," Harry asserted. "The soul of the one that got killed first would seek the other and stay near him until he, too, was released. I determined, in case I should be mustered out of the United States Army and into the Army of the Lord, that the first thing I should do would be to ask my new commander for a furlough to visit you, before assuming my new duties."

There was silence for a time, as neither seemed to have anything further to say. Finally Jim held his watch within the light of the fire, and looked at it.

"One o'clock," he said. "Let's turn in. I'm tired out, and you must be tired, too."

"On the contrary, I am neither tired nor sleepy. But I don't want to keep you up; so you turn in and sleep, and I will sit here awhile longer."

"All right. Good night!"

"Good night, Jim."

Jim turned in, and was soon fast asleep. He was tired with his long day's ride, and he slept soundly and well. When he awoke, the newly-risen sun was shining brightly into the room. The fire was still burning, and the place was warm and comfortable. He looked around for his friend, but Harry was nowhere to be seen. The pillow which Jim had placed for him was as smooth and unruffled as when he had first handled it.

He arose, and went to the door. Fresh snow covered the steps and path. Then, returning to the bed, and sitting on its edge, he pondered over the matter. Where had his friend gone?

After awhile his glance fell upon the newspaper which he had picked up the evening before. It had fallen from his pocket, and lay on the floor. As he carelessly coned its columns, he noticed a blue pencil-mark drawn around a paragraph; and, bending over the words, he read:

"Manila, Feb. —. In a skirmish with the insurgents yesterday, Harry Sherwood, Company —, First Montana Infantry, was killed."

FOUND A SULPHUR SPRING.—While taking a stroll across the hills east of Grand Forks, B. C., one afternoon, George Cummings discovered a sulphur spring. He was crossing a little gully, through which trickled a tiny stream of water, when he detected a strong smell of sulphur. Suspecting the cause, he examined the streamlet, and was amazed to find sulphurous deposits here and there along the banks. Following up the course of the stream, Mr. Cummings found a large-sized spring. As soon as he tasted the water he was convinced that he had made an important discovery. Reporting the news on his return to the city, a small-sized stampede took place to the spring, which is located on John A. Manly's ranch, three-quarter of a mile from the town limits. The correctness of Mr. Cummings' find was soon confirmed, and already the health-giving waters are being dispensed around town as a beverage. Mr. Manly purposes laying a pipe from the spring to the Yale Hotel. Samples of the water have been sent to Spokane for the purpose of obtaining an analysis of the properties thereof.



Brides Who Prefer Wet Weather.

It seems rather odd that a Breton bride rather likes to have a wet wedding; it is held to signify that all her tears are now shed, and that she will, therefore, have a happy married life. The Ezra of Simbirsk calls the day before the wedding "the weeping day," and the bride and her girl friends weep all they can, with the idea, it would seem, of getting the mourning of life over, so that only joy may remain. The Badagas of the Neilgherries attain the same end by sousing the bride with water, and some Greek tribes have a similar belief in the virtue of a drenching bringing good fortune.

The Pansy.

Harper's *Bazar* says that the pansy is a lover of cool weather. It gives its largest, finest flowers, and its most profuse crop of them, in the spring and during early summer, and, if the plants have been properly treated, again in the fall. It would no doubt continue to bloom as freely during the summer as in spring or fall if the weather conditions were the same. But as soon as the intense heat of midsummer comes on, the vitality of the plant begins to be affected, and this accounts for the indications of dwindling. Its flowers become smaller and smaller, until they are wholly unlike, in all respects, the magnificent specimens of May and June. And as the heat of the season, generally accompanied with more or less drouth, increases, the plants seem to die off by inches. The red spider, encouraged by dry weather, which he delights in, adds his efforts to the work of the heat, and the luxuriant plants of spring are hardly recognizable in July and August.

Health Hints.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.
Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.
Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.
Never take warm drinks, and then immediately go out in the cold.
Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in an active condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other disease.
After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage.
When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently injured, or troubles of the throat be produced.
Never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm.
When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth always closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.
Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise.

A Sure Cure for Insomnia.

Insomnia is a self-inflicted curse through the violation of nature's laws, writes Edward B. Warman in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The cause may be over-anxiety, planning for the morrow, thinking and worrying over the yesterdays and todays, but no oplate can remove the cause, even though it may bring sleep. If

the cause is merely mental overwork, it may be quickly removed by relieving the brain of the excess of blood. Physical exercise is a panacea for about every ailment which human flesh is heir to. Therefore, stand erect, and rise slowly from the heels; descend slowly. Do this from forty to fifty times, until you feel the congestion in the muscles of the leg. Almost instant relief follows, and sleep is soon induced.

For those who are averse to a little work, I would recommend, instead, a bowl of very hot milk (without so much as a wafer) immediately before retiring. The hotter the milk, the better for the purpose. This will prove a better sleep-producer than all the opiates known to medical science. It brings about an increased activity of the blood vessels of the stomach, causing slight temporary congestion, which relieves the blood vessels of the brain. The hot milk is also quite strengthening to the stomach.

Who Hath Woe?

Man that is married to a woman during housecleaning-time is of a few days and full of carpet-tacks.

A cloud that obscureth his vision, and great gobs of dark brown gloom, possesseth his soul.

He rises up betimes and sniffeth the morning air with a heavy heart and an obstructed nose.

He snatcheth a few pancakes from the grid-dle, and rusheth to his labors depressed in spirit, saturated with dyspepsia.

He returneth at noon, and falleth over a mop.

The dull, sickening thud of the belarruped carpet is heard in the land.

The queen of his household crowneth herself with a dirty towel and a fierce look.

She resembleth an avenging angel.

Her scepter is a broom; the carpet fuzz clingeth to the selvaige of her nose.

Large quantitles of real estate settleteth among the dimples of her swanlike neck.

Her eye glareth with the fury of great enterprise.

She maketh her spouse to eat dinner from the ironing-board in the kitchen, which resteth on two chairs.

He findeth a cake of soap beside his plate, and a portion of the scalp of the scrubbing-brush in the butter.

At night he returneth to his home with a timid, halting step. He feareth the worst.

The swish of the peach-limb is still heard as it poundeth a fifty-dollar carpet into shreds.

He drinketh a little cold tea from a tin cup, and prepareth for bed.

A live carpet-cack buryeth its fangs in his foot.

He yelleth in agony, and bumpeth the plastering from the ceiling in a vain and futile endeavor to jump through the roof.

He lieth down on his couch, and wetteth his pillow with his tears.

The family dog howleth beneath his window like the wall of a damned soul, and Notre Dame soul in the house sleepeth.

The fetid fragrance of bedbug specific smelleth to heaven, and the aroma of new-laid moth-balls sifteth through the cover of the clothes-chest.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath redness of eyes and a stopped-up nose? He who monkeyeth with housecleaning.

Who masheth the thumb? Who polluteth his lips with blasphemy? Who imperileth his immortal soul? He who tarryeth at home to tack down carpets.

To Acquire Beauty.

Do not fret—worry is the indelible pencil Father Time uses to punish weak natures, and fretting is early death to beauty.

Exercise all the muscles every day of your

life for ten minutes. Never overtax the muscles, or they will revenge themselves.

Watch the soap you use as carefully as the money you receive in change. Soap of an inferior quality is the cause of half the skin diseases we see. "Cheap soap" is an expensive economy oftentimes, and dangerous frequently when the cuticle is tender, its origin being too vile to contemplate.

Bathe every day, winter and summer, when able to be about the house. Study carefully the kind of bath which suits you best, and then stick to it though the heavens fall.

Hold the head as high as possible when sitting or standing. While sleeping, avoid high pillows, unless you admire a double chin or a flabby neck.

Breath from the diaphragm, inhale deeply, keep the mouth closed, and hold the chest well up if you would secure a high chest, a firm bust, and induce longevity.

Remember that the sanitary condition of the body must be literally without fault; that good blood means that the heart, liver, and kidneys are working properly.

Never believe that beauty such as the ancient Greek possessed is to be instantly obtained by the application of a little of "lily white" or a box of "rose red," even if famous prima donnas' names are upon the boxes as vouchers.

Know that "beauty" is the other fairer name for "health," that health is the synonym for good blood, excellent digestion, and steady nerves. A "beautiful invalid" is but a novelist's dream.

Cultivate grace, without which a Venus were not lovely; walk from the hips, and remember that the hands are as capable of conveying thought as are the eyes or the mouth; but if you love your fellow-man, use them gracefully, not a la handle.

Sweet Sixteen.

Poetically, it is very well; practically, I object to it. Has it ever "a decent dress?" although the family seamstress works from morning till night every day in the year, taking in and letting out, lengthening and shortening, narrowing here and widening there.

The very first day a new dress is worn, doesn't "sweet sixteen" tear it, and that in the most conspicuous place, and in the most zigzag manner? Could she "help it," when there is always a protruding nail or splinter lying in wait purposely for her, which by no foresight of hers could be walked round, or avoided?

Don't the clouds always seem to know when she has a new bonnet, and the mud when she wears new gaiters? And when she wants her umbrella at school, isn't "the nasty thing" always at home; and when she needs it at home, is it not always perversely at school?

Doesn't "sweet sixteen," when she takes a notion to sit down and sew, always locate herself by the side of the bed, which she sticks full of needles, and, going her way straightway, forgetteth—till roused by the shrieks of punctured sufferers?

Doesn't "sweet sixteen" always leave the street-door open? Does she ever own a boot-lace, or a pin, or a collar, although purchases of these articles are made for her continually, if not oftener?

Isn't her elder sister always your "favorite," and was "sweet sixteen" ever known to like her breakfast, dinner, or supper, or prefer wholesome food to saccharine and dyspeptic messes? Is she ever ready to go to bed of a night, or to get up of a morning?

Doesn't she always insist on wearing high heels to her boots, which are constantly locating her feet where her head should be? Doesn't she always, though consulted as to the hues

and make of her garments, repine at the superior color and fit of Adeline Seraphina Elgitha Smith's? And, finally, although she has everything she wants or, thinks she wants, isn't everything and everybody "real mean," and so there?"—*From Philadelphia Times.*

Habits of Speech.

"Why do educated parents allow their children to contract habits of ungrammatical speech that will have to be conquered in after-life?" asked a spinster of a mother.

"Because they hate to worry the poor little things about such matters when they are young and should be care free. It seems cruel to be all the time correcting them and keeping them on their good behavior. They will have to learn the rules of our dreadful language all too soon as it is."

"Yes," said the spinster, "and in addition to learning to speak properly they will have to *unlearn* the tricks of speech in which they have been allowed to indulge all their little lives. I know," laughingly, "that there is much ridicule of 'old maids' children,' but I believe that my theory in this case is correct. It is a positive

child. There should be a high fender, well secured, before the fire to avoid accident; and a cupboard in a nursery is also most useful and necessary. Children love to have a place of their own where they can hoard their hundred and one treasures, and many a wet morning can be pleasantly passed in turning out and rearranging them. Gas should never be allowed in a nursery, as it vitiates the atmosphere. A good lamp should be used, instead, placed on a bracket safely out of the way, so that there is no danger of its being overturned. There should be a good, roomy sofa, so that the little ones may lie down if not feeling very well, and a low rocking-chair and footstool for the nurse, or, at any rate, a low chair if the rocking one is not approved of.

A crawling-rug is a capital thing for a baby, and it can be decorated and embroidered with all kinds of comic designs and representations of animals, birds, etc.

Links of Wedlock.

English women did not always wear a plain gold circlet for a wedding-ring. At one time the custom was for the ring to cost as much as

thumb, has been used in turn. Often, in portraits of the time of Elizabeth, rings may be seen on the thumbs of married ladies. In many parts of Great Britain it is still supposed that a marriage without a ring is not binding, and when the gold hoop has been lost or forgotten, such substitutes as the church key, a curtain-ring, or even a ring cut from the finger of the bride's glove, have been used.

Why not Wear Moccasins?

The moccasin is the most rational and comfortable of footwear, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*. In moccasins the feet have full play; they can bend and grasp; there is nothing to chafe them or to impede circulation. In moccasins one can move like an acrobat, crossing slender and slippery logs, climbing trees, or passing with ease along the mountainside, where a slip might mean sure destruction. The feet do not stick fast in the mud. In the north, when the mercury is far below zero, and no civilized boot will protect the feet from freezing, the savage suffers no inconvenience. His moccasins, stuffed with dried grass, let the course freely. The perspiration may



LAKEVIEW, MINN., WHERE THE ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE STATE MILITIA IS HELD.—By courtesy of the Minneapolis Times.

unkindness to let your child double his negatives and say 'ain't,' when several years from now he will be harshly reproved for such lapses. The child must learn to talk anyway, and is it not as easy to teach him to say 'It is I,' as 'It's me?' And is it not as simple for the tongue to lisp 'I saw it,' as 'I seen it?' I love baby-talk, and should not correct a child for his mispronunciation of hard words. As he grows older he will himself see his mistakes in that line, and change them. But I insist that it is a parent's duty to make the difficult path to grammatical speech as easy as possible by never allowing the little ones to stray from it in the beginning."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Nursery.

The room selected for the nursery should be, if possible, large and lofty, with a south aspect. The walls should be prettily papered, and let the pictures and photographs be good, so that children may be trained from their earliest years to appreciate artistic things. A good picture is full of teachings to a thoughtful

the bridegroom could afford to pay. Rings of bone and hard wood have been used. An ivory wedding-ring was recently found on the finger of an Egyptian mummy. It is in the shape of two clasped hands. An iron ring, with the design of a hand closing over a heart, was discovered on the skeleton finger of a Roman lady dug up in Pompeii. In France, wedding-rings used to be made of three or more links of this quaint design, and in Germany, at the same time, they were engraved with queer astrological characters.

Roman Catholic peoples, particularly Italians, had a fashion of embedding in the ring a fragment of some relic, such as a morsel of the alleged true Cross. The Greek Church uses two rings, one of gold and one of silver. In Spain, wedding-rings made of the hoofs of asses are supposed to be possessed of peculiar virtue, and insure their wearers against epilepsy.

Fashion has determined not only the style of the wedding-ring, but the finger on which it shall be worn, and so capriciously has custom altered, that every single finger, including the

freeze on the hay in a solid lump of ice, but the feet remain warm and dry. The buckskin moccasin, Indian tanned with deers' brains and wood smoke, always dries soft after a wetting.

In autumn, when all the leaves and twigs are dry as tinder, a man wearing shoes makes a noise in the forest like a troop of cavalry, but in moccasins he can move swiftly through the woods with the stealth of a panther. The feet are not bruised, for, after enjoying for a time the freedom of natural covering, these hitherto blundering members become like hands, and feel their way through the dark like those of a cat, avoiding obstacles as though gifted with a special sense. Best of all, the moccasin is light.

Inexperienced sportsmen and soldiers affect high-topped laced boots with heavy soles and hobnails, imagining that these are most serviceable for rough wear. But these boots weigh between four and five pounds, while a pair of thick moose-hide moccasins weigh only eleven ounces. In marching ten miles a man wearing the clumsy boots lifts twenty tons more shoe leather than if he wore moccasins.

A GRAND ABORIGINAL FUNCTION.

By Eugene B. Chase.

Moses, the famous chief of the Umatillas, whose death was announced a short time ago, was a man more celebrated, among both white men and Indians, as a statesman, politician, and astute leader, than as a warrior. To his credit, be it said—without questioning his motives—that he acted as the friend and ally of the white people in some critical situations, and led his own and other tribes, eventually, to adopt his views and peaceful methods. By virtue of his shrewdness in accumulating wealth, and his politic way of maintaining the friendship of powerful men among both races, he might well have been characterized as the "Man-Who-Got-What-He-Wanted," for even the Government itself always dealt bountifully and leniently with him.

sakes and mementos of the generous dead.

The Indian potlatch custom—the death of a friend or of a prominent person having been announced—names a day, selected by his family, upon which his friends and relations are bidden to assemble at his late residence to view the effects and property of the dead and to receive as trusts, or as souvenirs, whatever things he may have designated, or which his heirs see fit to part with. Of course, the magnificence of the affair is gauged largely by the wealth, generosity, or vanity of the deceased or of his surviving family, human nature being human nature, even in the Indian. When a great chief possessing wealth and influence is to be honored, the affair often assumes imposing proportions, and guests to the number of hundreds assemble

rows. Between these rows were placed the dishes of the repast, which consisted of boiled beef, bread, biscuits, doughnuts, cakes, boiled puddings, two kinds of pie, tea, coffee, and, as especial delicacies, two kinds of aboriginal root-food, cha-qua-loos-so, and spate-lem.

In relays of three hundred the guests were marshaled to their places by the master of ceremonies, the men and women being seated separately. All the arrangements were so systematically ordered and carried out, that in two hours the important functionary was able to announce that everybody had feasted to his or to her full capacity. Then, after a short recess, to enable those in charge to clear the tent of the remains of the feast, everyone was invited to re-enter and witness, or participate in, the most important part of the ceremony.

Being carefully placed in ranks, everybody found space to sit down upon the ground, and to still leave a large central portion unoccupied. Into this space were now carried a number of trunks, boxes, valises, and other packages containing the articles to be disposed of at that session. The first things held up to view consisted of a beautiful suit of buckskin cloth-



THE POTLATCH FEAST.

"In relays of three hundred the guests were marshaled to their places by the master of ceremonies, the men and women being seated separately. All the arrangements were so systematically ordered and carried out, that in two hours the important functionary was able to announce that everybody had feasted to his or to her full capacity."

But Moses died, and his passing to the beyond was the signal for a great and solemn event among his people, possibly the last important one of its kind that history will chronicle; and if his soul can look back from the happy hunting-grounds, he must have felt a thrill of his characteristic stoical vanity at the magnificence of the potlatch he was able to provide for his mourning friends. What was probably the greatest affair of its kind that has ever taken place in the Northwest, was the grand potlatch, or post-funeral gathering attended by Moses' Indians at Nespelim on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6 and 7, in honor of their late chief.

The term "potlatch" is a Chinook word, signifying "to give," but as applied to these gatherings it is somewhat misleading, the Indian idea being that presents received on these sad occasions are not given absolutely, but only placed in the care of surviving friends as keep-

ing and a great war-bonnet of eagles' feathers, which, the master of ceremonies announced, had been presented to Moses by his friend, the great Sioux war-chief, Sitting Bull.

Upon the recent occasion mentioned, delegates of Indians from nearly every tribe in Washington, Idaho, and British Columbia, to the number of about eleven hundred, assembled at the Moses ranch to view and to receive into their keeping such articles of the personal property of the late chieftain as he might have bequeathed, or as his widow and family desired to dispose of in this manner; and, incidentally, to feast upon the great quantities of eatables provided; for a feast is always a prominent and elaborate feature of a potlatch.

In the great council tent, 30x100 feet in size, three strips of oilcloth were spread the full length of the inclosure, and on each of these were placed about a hundred plates, in double

ing and a great war-bonnet of eagles' feathers, which, the master of ceremonies announced, had been presented to Moses by his friend, the great Sioux war-chief, Sitting Bull.

Handing these insignia of office to Chief Joseph, he added that these clothes and trappings of the great departed were now placed in the care of a great living war-chief, whom Moses had always honored and admired.

Chief Joseph arose, and, holding high the great war-bonnet in a dramatic and striking manner, accepted the gift in a fervid and touching speech, extracts from which are given as follows:

"Friends, we are gathered here today in accordance with an Indian custom that is very old. We, friends of the great chief, who had not seen the breath leave his body, have searched for him diligently in his usual haunts. We have not found him, so we must accept the

statement of his relatives that he has passed away. Passed away like the glory of the Indian that is represented by this war-bonnet, now given into my keeping; passed away like the health and vigor of our Northwestern Indians; passed away as we all must some day—men and women, old and young.

"Friends, in the death of Moses you have lost your closest friend, your wisest counselor, and your greatest chief.

"..... This beautiful war-bonnet given into my keeping shall be carefully preserved, and it shall be honored with the best place in my house. For the sake of him whom I revered in life on this earth, I shall honor this emblem—whose owner is not dead, but only passed away to the Great Spirit that we now know not."

Under the influence of this pathetic speech, fragments of which only are presented here, the majority of those present broke into tears and lamentations, and a chorus of mourning ensued. Men and women bowed their heads, pulled their hair forward over their faces, and joined in a mournful chant, while tears flowed from every eye.

Presently two more suits of buckskin and war-bonnets were exhibited, and announced as having been presented to Moses by other friendly chiefs, who were named. These suits, as well as the first, were most elaborately decorated with buckskin fringes, white weasel-skins, beads, and silk embroidery, and each represented months, perhaps years, of patient and cunning labor in the making; so that their value, like that of rare laces, could hardly be estimated.

Other articles distributed comprised seven suits of clothing, three of them being of broadcloth. One of these was worn by Moses on his trip to Washington, and another was presented to him by the Secretary of the Interior. There were also a costly fur overcoat of genuine beaver, and five other overcoats, three pairs of beaver gloves, a pair of field-glasses, and dozens of bright silk handkerchiefs and fancy hat-bands. There were eight beautifully carved stone pipes, many decorated cantenas and saddle-bags, hackamores, bridles, lariats, spurs, and aparejos. Then followed five suits of common clothing, and five sombreros of finest quality; then ten fine blankets, and a costly collection of buffalorobes and fur rugs, robes, and garments. Next came two ancient tomahawks, and a large number of antique stone knives and arrow-heads, besides rifles, shotguns, saddles, mirrors, knives, beaded belts and ponchos, and trinkets of all descriptions in large numbers. Lastly was distributed a variety of outer and under garments—and then the receptacles were empty.

Of the dozen or more white people present, many were generously remembered with gifts. Henry N. Steele, the farmer at the Nespelim Agency, received a pair of beaver gloves, a watch-chain, and stone arrow-head charms; Dr. Latham, physician at the Agency, received a pair of decorated horns; and Mrs. R. C. Stevenson, postmistress at Barry, was given one of the carved stone pipes. Collections of historic arrow-heads were given to J. H. Friedlander, of Wilbur, and to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Daugherty, of Barry. Miss Shaefer, and Mr. B. Stillwell, of Barry, received, respectively, a mirror and a decorated wooden knot. This ended the potlatch for the first day.

On the second day, Wednesday, over one hundred head of horses were distributed, nine of them being young, blooded racing-horses, easily worth one hundred dollars each. These gifts completed the potlatch, and the mournful gathering of a fading people broke up with deep solemnity, the departing friends wishing peace to the great chieftain's ashes.

THE NORTHWEST HONORED.

At the eleventh annual convention of the Wholesale Saddlery Association of the United States, held in Boston on July 11, 12 and 13, Mr. W. A. Hardenbergh of St. Paul was re-elected president—the first incident of the kind in the history of the association, no other president having served longer than one year. Mr. Hardenbergh did not wish to be thus honored, but he had made so distinguished a record, and was so eminently qualified for the high office, that he was re-elected without opposition.

On the third day of the convention a brilliant banquet was tendered the delegates in the large dining-halls of Hotel Brunswick, among the invited guests being Governor Wolcott, Mayor Quincy, Hon. Geo. A. Marden, Assistant U. S. Treasurer, and Col. Curtis Guild, Jr., editor of Boston's great financial journal, the *Commercial Bulletin*. It was on this happy occasion that Mr. Hardenbergh was put to a test which few men could have borne so well and so gracefully. He was seated at the head table, with Messrs. Marden, Quincy, and Guild, when the toast-master called upon him for a speech. But



W. A. HARDENBERGH, ST. PAUL, PRESIDENT OF THE WHOLESALE SADDLERY ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

the St. Paul man was equal to the emergency, and he gave the assembled banqueters the most witty and eloquent response of the day.

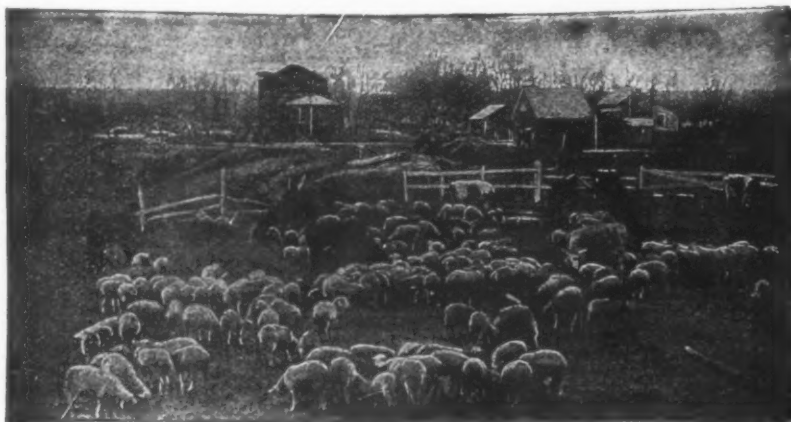
"It was in the balmy days of 1893," he said, "that I visited Boston for the first time. I had a vague idea that witches were still burned, and scolding women ducked; that the curfew law prevailed, and that John L. Sullivan was the uncrowned king—in Boston. But if these things be, I have seen no evidence of it. The only witches we have seen have been of the kind that no man who has not a grudge against himself would wish to burn, and I do not believe that there is a scolding woman extant. If the curfew law does prevail, it must be temporarily out of commission, for I know of several of the boys being out much later than 9 o'clock; while if John L. Sullivan is the celebrity I have always been taught to believe, the local committee has done us but scant courtesy in not giving us an opportunity to do him honor. I have been told—I shall not say by whom—that cocktails and gin fizzes may be purchased and consumed in these classic shades,

and it has even been hinted that the festive tiger has his lair here, even as he has in that Western Gomorrah—Chicago. I have been unable to satisfy myself on either of these two points. They also tell me that the fair sex predominates to the extent of four to one, and if those whom I have met but fairly represent the whole, the city of Boston is certainly to be congratulated."

Then, branching off onto the more serious questions of the day, the speaker begged permission to say a few words "for that section of the country whence I come—whence all the traditions of my business are drawn, and which I truly love—the West. In the routine of our daily life," he said, "we are apt to take for granted conditions which represent but little apparent change, and to lose sight of what a continuation of these conditions will bring about. For instance, we all know that the five years of persistent liquidation which followed the panic year of 1893 have completely reversed the commercial situation of the world, and that the past two years have seen these United States a creditor nation, holding the financial obligations of Europe. We all know that the one thing that has made this situation possible has been a favorable balance of trade. But did you ever think, my friends, whence this balance came? Did you ever think that this magnificent trade balance of six hundred millions represents but two-thirds of the value of our agricultural exports, the surplus products of our fields? The West and the South, ladies and gentlemen, not only furnish the entire balance of trade and two hundred millions beside—the West and the South not only feed and clothe this great country, but they have a surplus for export of eight hundred millions of dollars!

The self-same condition that has come to this country as a whole as compared to Europe, is rapidly approaching to the West as compared to the East; and a few more years will see the West, if not indeed a creditor of the East, at least not its debtor. Think, if you can, what it means to pour 2,500 millions of created wealth, wealth that springs new-born from the earth, into a section of the country that is possessed of a debt-paying fever. Think, if you can, what it will mean when this vast sum is not in a great measure consumed in paying interest charges and mortgage indebtedness, but remains for investment in the hands of its producers! The tide has already turned. Ask the officials of your savings-banks and insurance companies, and they will tell you that the liquidation of Western mortgage indebtedness has been tremendous. Ask the officials of your national banks, and brokers of commercial paper, and they will tell you that the Western banks are competing for this business with as much money and as favorable rates as have ever been made. The time was, my friends, when the self-same money that was sent by Eastern financial institutions into the West to buy grain for Eastern consumption and European export, returned in a very few weeks to these same institutions in payment of mortgage or commercial indebtedness. In this way, you see, the East got not only our grain, but our money, too, and from this point of view it is hardly to be wondered at that the situation bred Populism and threatened anarchy. But now liquidation is doing its work, and it requires no prophet to forecast the finish.

"And when that time comes, my friends, all sectional differences that have existed between the East and the West and the South—differences that have been entirely due to their relative positions as creditor and debtor—will disappear, and—with all my heart I say it—may God speed the day!"



A MONEY-MAKING SHEEP-RANCH NEAR CHAMBERLAIN, S. D.

ON THE MISSOURI RIVER IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

By D. F. Burkholder.

Easily the most beautiful town in South Dakota is Chamberlain, the gate city to the great cow country west of the Missouri River. It is located upon a high plateau fully sixty feet above high water in the Missouri, which stream can be seen winding its way among the hills and bluffs for many miles from this slightly elevation. Opposite the place, and reached by a five-minute walk across the pontoon bridge, lies American Island, which was ten years ago donated to the town for a public park by the General Government. It is about four miles long by half a mile in width, and is covered with a splendid growth of fine, large timber, under the spreading shade of which annually gather large crowds of excursionists, brought here by the C., M. & St. Paul Railroad from the eastern part of the State and from Northwestern Iowa. The local authorities are rapidly putting the island park in an improved condition, and in time it will undoubtedly become the popular summer resort for a large radius of country. The town is also abundantly supplied with timber, and presents a peaceful and inviting appearance to travelers over the prairie country lying to the east, at once developing a decidedly favorable opinion in the minds of all visitors.

Chamberlain is the western terminus of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, which winds its way down from the prairie through the American Creek Valley. This valley is filled with timber for a number of miles, a ride through which is a welcome novelty after a long journey over the rolling prairie. The county seat of Brule County, one of the banner stock and agricultural, as well as one of the largest, counties in the State, the town has probably fifteen hundred people, and is unusually well supplied with modern conveniences. It has fine waterworks and electric light systems, and a telephone exchange that has just been connected with the long-distance system which covers South Dakota and adjoining States. In mercantile lines all the staple branches are well represented, among them being found some very large and notable stocks.

Chamberlain enjoys the distinction of having the most powerful artesian wells in the world, and the power from these wells is utilized in various directions. One well furnishes the power for operating a hundred-barrel grist-

mill, while another supplies the power for operating the electric light plant that furnishes the light for the city and for business necessities. Still another well supplies the water for the city waterworks, and the power thus realized is ample for fire-protection purposes. It is largely to this unlimited supply of cheap water that the beautiful appearance of the city



A SOUTH DAKOTA HOME.

in the way of trees and shrubbery of all kinds is owing, for the city furnishes the water at a nominal charge, in order to encourage this kind of improvements.

In a business way the town is well favored, being surrounded by an agricultural country of unrivaled resources and fertility, as well as being the supply and shipping-point for the great stock industry which has now grown to decidedly formidable proportions on the rich ranges west of the Missouri River. Stock-ranches fully one hundred fifty miles distant are here supplied with all the necessities, and during shipping seasons as high as five or six large stock-trains leave here per day for the big packing centers east. The stock industry has been expanding at such a terrific rate during the past few years that now millions of dollars' worth of stock are marketed annually from the South Dakota ranges, the bulk of this great traffic passing through the local stock-yards. The best of facilities are provided for handling this large amount of stock,

the stock-yards of the Milwaukee Company being among the finest in the State. Stock is brought across the river on a pontoon bridge, which is being successfully operated by the Chamberlain Pontoon Bridge Company. In addition to the bridge, the company also owns two large steam boats, which handle the trade during the high water in the spring, when it is impracticable to operate the bridge.

Two large Indian agencies—Lower Brule and Crow Creek—located within twenty-five miles of the city, also add materially to the volume of business transacted. Owing to stock interests, the Indian agencies, etc., business runs very evenly and is usually of uniform volume—so much so that the town passed through the period of agricultural depression during the drouth, a few years ago, without realizing hardly any bad effects. In fact, Chamberlain business people have from the start been phenomenally successful, there having been, since the establishment of the town in 1881, but two business failures, a record that would be very difficult to duplicate in the entire Northwest.

Chamberlain is also quite an educational center. The Government now has in successful operation here one of the best Indian schools to be found in the State. Nearly \$100,000 has been expended on it, and the group of buildings has grown to a good-sized village; yet it is now filled to its utmost capacity, and it is probable that the next Congress will provide for the material enlargement of the institution, in order that the superintendent may be enabled to accommodate all the pupils that wish to attend. The main building is a fine one. It was built of brick at a cost of nearly \$50,000, and it is equipped with all modern conveniences. The city school also ranks among the leading institutions of learning in the State, being graded, and provided with talented instructors. It is a large, brick building, built along artistic lines, and located in a park that is filled with noble trees. The site is elevated, presenting a very beautiful appearance. The property is worth about \$50,000, and the institution is one of which a town of this size may well feel proud.

A Government land-office is located here, the district covered being one of the largest in the State. At this time the office is doing a large business, every day adding a number of new settlers to the population of this region.

Chamberlain and the country tributary have now passed through the era of uncertainty and experiment common to all new sections, and the promise for the future is certainly bright. In fact, it would be difficult to name a place in the great, growing West that possesses better or more flattering prospects of substantial development. It is not merely promise, for the city is already experiencing a growth that has not been equaled since the great boom of 1883.



PRESENT WAY OF GOING TO THE DAKOTAS.



MT. ST. HELENS, AS SEEN FROM PORTLAND.—By courtesy of the Portland Oregonian.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

By M. A. Harriman.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, the title of at least one-third of the essays inflicted upon a long-suffering public by youths about to be graduated from high school or academy was, "Across the Alps lies Italy." This self-evident geographical fact was once voiced by the great Napoleon, who doubtless claimed it as an original platitude. With no great depth of meaning, it was and has been forced to do duty as an aphorism around which many a simile could be woven. Napoleon strove to inspire his weary and discouraged army; graduating lads and maids have hung many an untested allegory thereon; my aim shall be to present a picture of, not the whole of the Italy of the Northwest—that were a task hurculean, but of the chief commercial city of the Pacific Northwest—Portland.

Even as visitors to Rome—to still further carry out the Italian simile—go first to the dome of St. Peters for a bird's-eye view of the city, so would I that all could stand on the Heights back of Portland, where the Multnomah's last signal-fire blazed, and gaze on the diversified view spread so entrancingly in even, widening circles bounded only by the limit of visual ken.

But first let me give a brief resume of the reasons for comparing the Pacific Northwest, sloping toward the setting sun from the snow-capped Cascades, with sunny Italy. These reasons have been given time and time again in every letter, newspaper, or magazine article written from this country; and yet, to the newcomer, the climate never fails to impress with wonder and delight, while to those who have never visited the Western slope it can not be sufficiently lauded.

While the rest of the United States suffers for six or seven months of the year from cold ranging from fifty-eight below to frigidty of less degree, even as far South as New Orleans and Florida, the coldest ever known in Portland was two above zero. Coming here from any part of the Union in, say January or February, one is wonder-stricken to find lawns with emerald greensward, and the temperature far above freezing. March and April, trying and uncertain months in most States, are beautiful in their sunny days—with the fattest of robins hopping among the violets, hyacinths, and English daisies of the lawns, and the wild currant, trilliums, violets, and other favorites of the woodland wilds.

An evidence of the mildness of the winter climate is found in the foreign trees which may be found in the list of decorative shrubs and

trees growing in Portland's public and private grounds. English yew and holly—the latter cannot be grown even in New York State; Austrian pine, the laurel, Oregon cedar, Port Orford cedar, juniper, larch (none of these indigenous east of the Rockies); big redwood of California, Virginia red cedar—better known as arbor-vitae; Italian cypress, familiar in pictures of old-world gardens; English and Irish yew, the latter fastigate—that is, growing straight and symmetrical as a column; Japanese *pitesporum plumosa*, whose branches are like curling ostrich plumes, and whose coloring varies with the seasons and with cultivation;—these are some of the trees that may be seen, the foliage or shape of which are strange to dwellers in colder latitudes.

But to return to Portland Heights. Below is spread in orderly squares a city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants. Magnificent public buildings and churches, beautiful homes, tree embowered, and the solid blocks of a large wholesale district, reach to the glistening Willamette. Still farther toward the curving sky-line, in coldly-superb grandeur, is the culmination of scenic effect in the United States, as seen from any one city. Here are the sentinels that have watched the stars for eons; that have seen prehistoric man disappear, and the Indian give way to the white man, together with all the results of the latter's energy as exemplified in

a modern city whose growth in the last decade has been phenomenal.

To the east, Mount Hood, one of the very few snow-capped peaks in the United States visible from a city of Portland's size, rises to nearly 12,000 feet, pure and white, the idol of every loyal Oregonian's heart. It is the highest mountain in the State, and from its summit on the night of July the Fourth appeared a brilliant red light, which wound up the celebration of that glorious day. Twice before had this great peak been illuminated as a part of Portland's celebration of Independence Day, and by the same party. This year it was in honor of the National Editorial Association, which met here at that time.

But Mount Hood is not the only snow-capped mountain to be seen by those sojourning in Portland. Not only is Mount Hood visible, but to the north is St. Helens, with Mount Rainier, just beyond, shouldering its massive bulk to the view. Adams is to the northeast, Jefferson to the southeast—all giants among mountains, with their heads towering two or more miles in the air, and their pure white sides shining in the sunlight. From far off in the northeast the shimmering waters of the great Columbia flow silently, while the eye follows the nearer course of the Willamette, passing through the city till it joins the larger river twelve miles away.

Portland is admirably situated for a commercial city. Here, at the confluence of the two great rivers, one draining the valley of the Columbia and the other that of the Willamette, vessels from all parts of the world are loaded with the products of a natural empire. It is the law of navigation that vessels will go as far inland as may be necessary to reach the area of production, or the most available point of distribution. At Portland, vessels have all the advantages peculiar to a fresh-water harbor, one of which is the fact that no cleaning off of barnacles is necessary, since the fresh water is death to these parasites, and they drop off in a few days after the ship comes into port.

It is the home port of over 1,700 miles of navigable waterways, which drain more than 300,000 square miles of territory, a region equal in extent to New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and Ohio. When the fact is considered that from every portion of this vast region Portland is reached by a continual downhill haul, free from heavy grades, and that an undeveloped commercial field of fabulous wealth lies at her door in the Govern-



FALLS OF THE WILLAMETTE RIVER AT OREGON CITY, TWELVE MILES ABOVE PORTLAND. (By courtesy of the Portland Oregonian.)

ment's new Pacific possessions, some idea may be obtained of the brilliant future in store for the city. The commerce already established brought to her last year 304 vessels representing 430,413 tons.

Portland is celebrated for its conservatism and solid financial standing. It contains 1,079 firms, representing a financial strength of \$21,233,500. Of these there are four rated at over \$1,000,000 each; seventy-five at over \$50,000 each, and two hundred sixteen at over \$10,000 each. Its wholesale trade is conservatively estimated at \$80,000,000 per annum. Its banks carry deposits aggregating \$14,000,000, of which one-half is credited to national banks by the comptroller of the currency. Its commerce is growing more rapidly than that of any other part of the Pacific Coast. Its imports for the year ending June 30, 1898, were \$1,438,748, and its exports were \$13,374,341. Total imports for the thirteen years ending June 30, 1898, were \$11,858,028, and the total exports amounted to \$73,999,743—a grand total of \$85,850,771. Out of a total of 27,350,008 bushels of wheat shipped from the four leading ports of the Pacific Coast for 1898, this city shipped 13,863,865 bushels, or over forty-nine per cent of the total. This is largely accounted for by the fact that all the wheat of the Willamette Valley must of necessity go to Portland because of its geographical position, it being located near the mouth of that river. In addition to this, all points east of the Cascade Mountains reach Portland by an all downhill haul, instead of being compelled to ship over a great mountain range by heavy grades. Then, too, the Columbia River is available for cheap shipping, since the completion of the Government locks at the Cascade Rapids. The river itself contains the most important salmon fisheries on the globe. Since the establishment of this industry over \$75,000,000 worth of fish have been shipped to all parts of the world. Columbia River chinook salmon command the highest price everywhere, and are favorites with *chefs* the world over. Of twenty-one canneries, employing thousands of men, all but three are controlled by Oregon capital. If

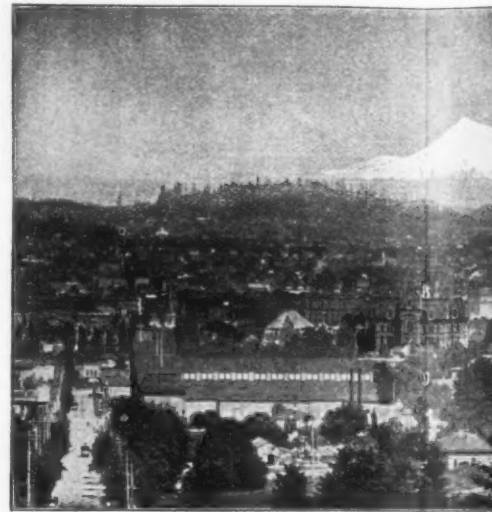
all the salmon that have been shipped from the Columbia River could be placed in freight-cars, they would make a solid train 280 miles long. No other body of water of similar area ever produced such vast wealth in the same length of time. The present annual output is \$3,000,000.

The products of Oregon include mines, forests, fisheries, stock, fruit, and agricultural outputs. During 1898 the wheat product alone amounted to 22,000,000 bushels, the wool to 21,000,000 pounds, and the lumber to 600,000,000 feet; and all of this, and as much more, is tributary to Portland. The fruit industry is in its infancy, yet from five counties in the Willamette Valley the output of prunes alone amounted to 6,000,000 pounds last year.

The city's factories, street-cars, public and private lighting, are operated by electricity generated by water-power at Oregon City, twelve miles distant. This was the first long-distance transmission plant in the world. Next to Niagara, the Willamette Falls furnish the largest available water-power in the United States, a statement authenticated by Government records. It may be also mentioned in passing that the second largest shipbuilding plant on the Pacific Coast is located here. It was in these yards that the Government torpedo boats Davis and Fox were built, the former making twenty-six miles an hour on her trial trip.

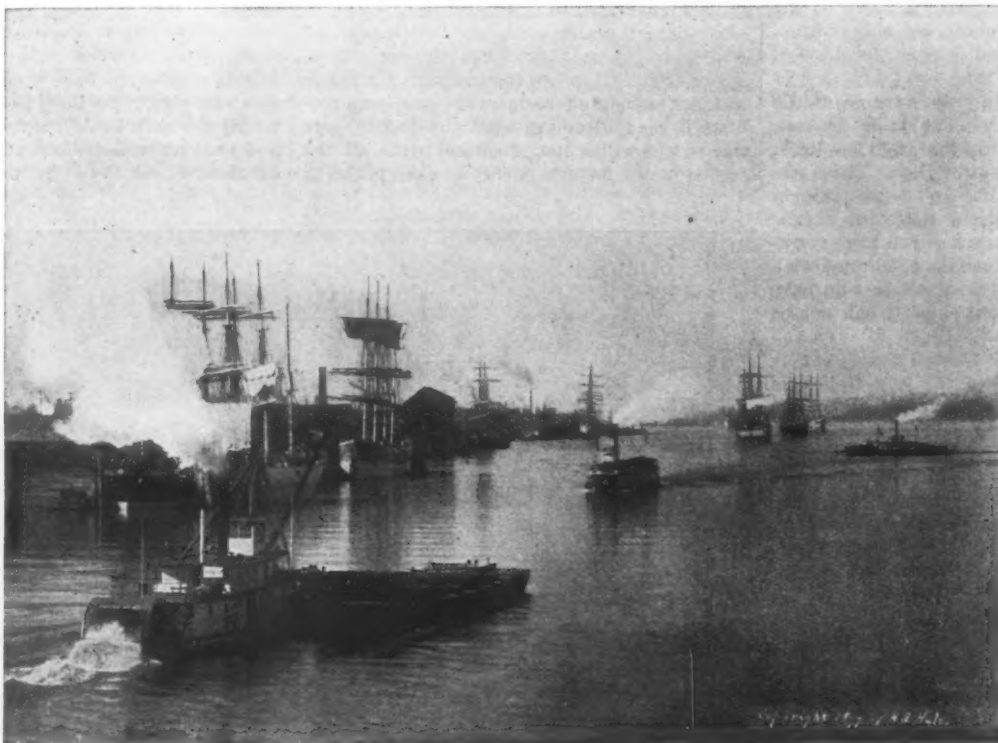
Portland's water supply is not surpassed in the world. In 1892 President Harrison, by proclamation, established the Bull Run Timber Reserve, containing 222 square miles, lying west from Mount Hood and embracing a rugged mountain district, covered with dense forest and underbrush, in which the snows are retained until very late in the summer. Streams flowing westward from Mount Hood have their sources in this reserve, besides which there are numerous lakes. There are no settlements, neither can there be, as the Government has made it a perpetual reservation for the protection of Portland's water supply. Owing to the dense undergrowth, and consequent protection of the soil, there is no need of a "settling reservoir." The immediate source of supply is

Bull Run Lake, seven miles northwest from Mount Hood, at an elevation of 3,500 feet. The lake, one-half by three miles in extent, is very deep, and supplied by inflowing springs in the steep, rocky slopes surrounding it, which in turn are fed by water from smelting snow and rain. The only outlet for the lake is under an immense mass of shattered basalt, which fills the canyon at its northwest end. From the



ONE OF PORTLAND'S NOBLE VIEWS OF MT. HOOD.

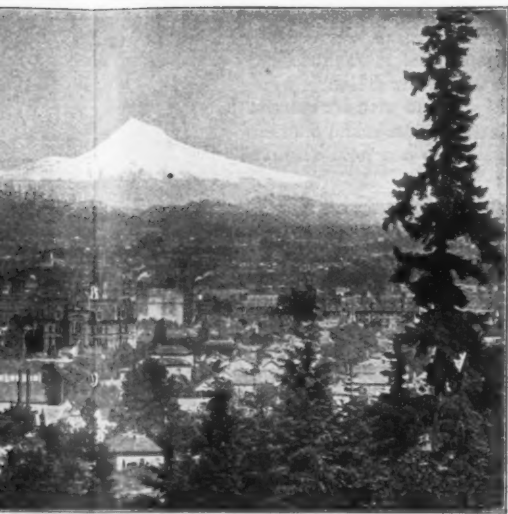
base of this natural dam, 350 feet below the surface of the lake, the water gushes forth and forms Bull Run River, a tributary of the Sandy, which flows into the Columbia. Bull Run River, after flowing very rapidly through a rocky canyon nearly twenty miles, is tapped by a pipe forty-two inches in diameter, at a point thirty miles east of Portland and 720 feet above low tide in the Willamette River. A portion of the water, without being stored in any reservoir, flows through the thirty miles of pipe directly



PORTLAND'S MAGNIFICENT HARBOR.



into the distributing mains of the city, at the rate of 24,000,000 gallons per day. The pipe is buried deep in the ground, and is thoroughly protected from heat; and in crossing the Willamette River it is laid in a trench dredged below the bottom of the ship channel. The water reaches the city in seven hours, as cool and sparkling as when it left the river, and it does not need ice to make it palatable. All this origi-



VIEW OF MT. HOOD.—By courtesy of the Portland Oregonian.

nally cost \$2,900,000, in thirty year five-per-cent bonds, on which the premium was \$222,200.70. To this should be added the net profits for twelve years, \$851,428.16, which has been used to extend mains and for other construction work, making a grand total of cost to the city of \$3,973,628.86. No charge is made by the water commission for water used by the city, and there is no water tax charged up to the property owners. The revenues of the commission are exclusively from consumers, three-fourths

of whom are not property holders. As soon as the construction work is completed, the net revenue will be converted into a sinking-fund to pay the bonds. As a result of pure water in unlimited quantities, Portland's record for healthfulness is not surpassed anywhere, its death rate—9.5 per cent for the last five years—being lower than any other city of its size in the Union.

Though the exact date when a city enters upon any particular line of development can seldom be named, it is certain that Portland had made a very considerable advance toward her position as a center of trade and commerce before manufacturing in any line, save only the staples of flour and lumber, was ever thought of. Until within the last few years the country was too sparsely settled to make a direct demand for home-manufactured articles on any considerable scale, and it was not till the year 1886 that the era of progress began. Even then the full extent of the field for which Portland might successfully manufacture was not realized; in fact, it is only now beginning to be realized that, in a considerable number of articles at least, the field includes not only the whole Pacific Coast, but South America, the Sandwich Islands, China, The Philippines, and Japan.

Though some of her manufactures were in existence and operating in a small way in 1886, the great bulk of the manufacturing done at Portland prior to that date consisted only of the staples previously mentioned. At the present time, though largely increased, they do not constitute more than a tenth of the whole; and among the articles manufactured, aside from flour and lumber, are pig-iron, cast-iron pipe, iron-work, wrought and cast—such as machinery, boilers, fences, etc.; stoves, woolen cloth, blankets, furniture, sash, doors and blinds, wagons and carriages, decorated glass, paint, oil, soap, bags, tents and awnings, pottery, brick, boots and shoes, paper, street-cars, chairs, burial-caskets, trunks and valises, show-cases, rope, uniforms, brooms, matches, canned fruits and vegetables, leather, linseed-oil, war-vessels,

woodenware, etc., a goodly growth for a period of only fifteen years. The city never was in a more prosperous condition as regards manufacturing industries. Its citizens have recently raised \$30,000 as a subsidy to secure the Doernberger Furniture Company, an enterprise that will furnish employment to 300 men.

To those who desire an outing of a day or a week, Portland offers a choice of river, sea, or mountain. Chief among these excursions is the annual outing of the Mazamas, an organized mountain-club, with headquarters in Portland, that spends two to three weeks every summer in scientific and pleasurable excursions to some one of the many mountains in the Pacific Northwest. For those who cannot spare the time, or who are not disposed to such arduous exertions, the sea, which is only four hours' away by rail and a little longer by boat, invites with its thundering surf and delightful beaches. Still another trip, of which thousands from the East, as well as the native "Web-foots" avail themselves every summer, is the trip to The Dalles of the Columbia. This trip is equal to the famous ride up the Hudson. The Palisades are as grand, and the gleaming shower of Multnomah Falls, which Indian legend says was once the falling tresses of a maiden; the strange formation of Rooster Rock and the Pillars of Hercules, which are absent from the Eastern River, add their quota to the enjoyment of the scene. The entire country, however, is one vast picnic-ground. Lovely scenery abounds on every hand. Some of the landscapes are grandly beautiful, and in many instances they have been transferred to canvas. Naught can be more enjoyable than a steamer ride up or down the majestic Willamette. The city's location is an ideal one, whether viewed esthetically, or with the cold, practical eye of business. Then the railways—they remain to travel over. They leave Portland just as spokes leave a hub, and they radiate to every point of the compass. The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, a corporation I love for its uniform courtesy as well as for its great enterprise, affords a ride along the Columbia River and into the State



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND, ORE., FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE RIVER.

of Washington that is a pure delight. It brings a vast passenger and freight traffic to the city, and it carries from the town millions of dollars' worth of products annually. The old Northern Pacific runs to Portland, also, and so does the Southern Pacific, and the Astoria and Columbia River road.

I have spoken of the wealth that has concentrated here. With wealth come luxury and culture—social advantages, and home refinement. All these are found in Portland. It is a thoughtful, a progressive community. Indeed, what else can be expected of a people that read such a journal as the *Oregonian*, a paper that has a national reputation, and which wields an influence out of all proportion to the population of the States it circulates in? Its editors are among the most erudite in the Union. *Oregonian* opinions are copied every-

HUNTING A WOOD-RAT.

Two little claim-shanties in a wide, wide sea of bunch-grass, built close to the dividing line, for company's sake, and occupied by their respective owners,—Jack and Jonny in the one case, and James and Mary and the children in the other case, Eastern tenderfeet, all.

The occupation of holding down a claim merely for pre-emption is not a laborious one, and falls mostly to the women and children concerned, the bread-winners of the household often making of the ranch only a rendezvous for nights and Sundays.

So, Jenny and Mary and the latter's children, in the fastness of the Washington foothills, wore old clothes, did fancy-work, took long walks,

light enough to read by, and the rising moon making a horse visible on the hill-top half a mile away, the darkness that reigned was not in the least degree intense.

Suddenly the stillness was rent by a whoop,—a veritable war-whoop, thought the frightened flock for a moment,—but the whooper, in this case, was ten-year-old Bennie, and the whoop was not one of menace, but of mortal terror.

"I seen him, and he run right over me!" yelled the frightened Ben.

"Shut up! you've been dreaming," counseled philosophic Tom.

"He had ears as big as mine! It was the devil, I know!" pursued the demoralized Ben, clinging close to his mother, who had with difficulty established the correlation of lamps and matches, unused for weeks, and who now held a light in her hand.



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, PORTLAND, OREGON.

where, and they are truly molders of public thought. There are many other excellent publications; there are libraries and schools, clubs and churches—all educational in one way or another. I can think of no city that offers greater residential inducements. Clean streets and avenues, lovely parks, fine homes, costly business blocks, magnificent scenery, local culture and enterprise—all these make Oregon's metropolis the one place in a thousand to reside in.

AN INDIAN TAILOR.—A Scotland, S. D., dry-goods merchant has employed a Sioux Indian to do the tailoring in his establishment. The red man is educated, and is said to be an expert in his line. Poor Lo is slowly advancing.

snared ground-squirrels for the dog to shake, and finally grew so intrepid in their solitary stronghold as to pass the night, if necessary without other masculine protectors than the two valiant youths of ten and twelve, who thirsted for Indian warfare, but sent their little sisters to the door on the few occasions when anybody knocked.

One summer evening when the women and children, in fond security, garrisoned the little camp, and the late-lingering twilight made bedtime optional, the children, tired at last with their favorite pastime of romping out of doors in their night-clothes, to which had been added the fresh dissipation of digging for spruce-gum among the logs of a brand-new wood-pile, at length straggled into their cots and thus brought about a great silence. With the western sky reflecting

A sudden "zip" of something along a rafter overhead convinced the most skeptical that the intruder was no figment of a dream, and when the light fell full upon the singular countenance of the beast which sat contemptively regarding the little company from Tom's saddle, which hung aloft, they would each and all have cheerfully corroborated Ben's testimony with regard to its ears. A fusillade of stove-wood and tinware dislodged the visitor from his first perch, and then from another, and yet another, without hitting him or coming anywhere near him; always striking where he had been, where he was going to be, but never where he was. Snip, the dog, joined in the campaign and finally chased the thing down a hole in the floor, where an enormous knot had fallen out, and then he

lay down to watch the hole—while the exhausted hunters went back to undisturbed dreams.

Next day, upon consulting the meager sources of information available, it was decided that the disturbing apparition was of the species *Neotoma cinerea*, or Rocky Mountain wood-rat, and that it must have come out of the wood-pile before mentioned.

In the midst of their investigations the sound of animated conversation among Jenny's chickens—faithful guardians of the peace, in general—called their mistress into the back-yard. There was the serpent of their Eden, his ratship, hustling in and out of the hole in the underpinning of the house, watched menacingly and with hostile demonstrations by the whole flock of speculative and suspicious hens.

For two days that hole was watched in vain for an opportunity of shutting the invader out, while

ings when, on turning the board over, the impish wearer of abnormal ears whisked out unharmed!—a providential depression in the ground, just large enough to hold him and just deep enough to escape the pressure of the board, having preserved his life.

But Jenny's blood was up, and she pursued him so hotly to the wood-pile that the embarrassed rodent mistook his usual place of entrance to that stronghold, and when Jack came home that evening, Jenny met him with her hands behind her.

"Do you remember," she asked, tragically, "how Uncas came back into camp after his first sally in search of Arrowhead, and sat and waited his father's invitation before displaying the bloody scalp?"

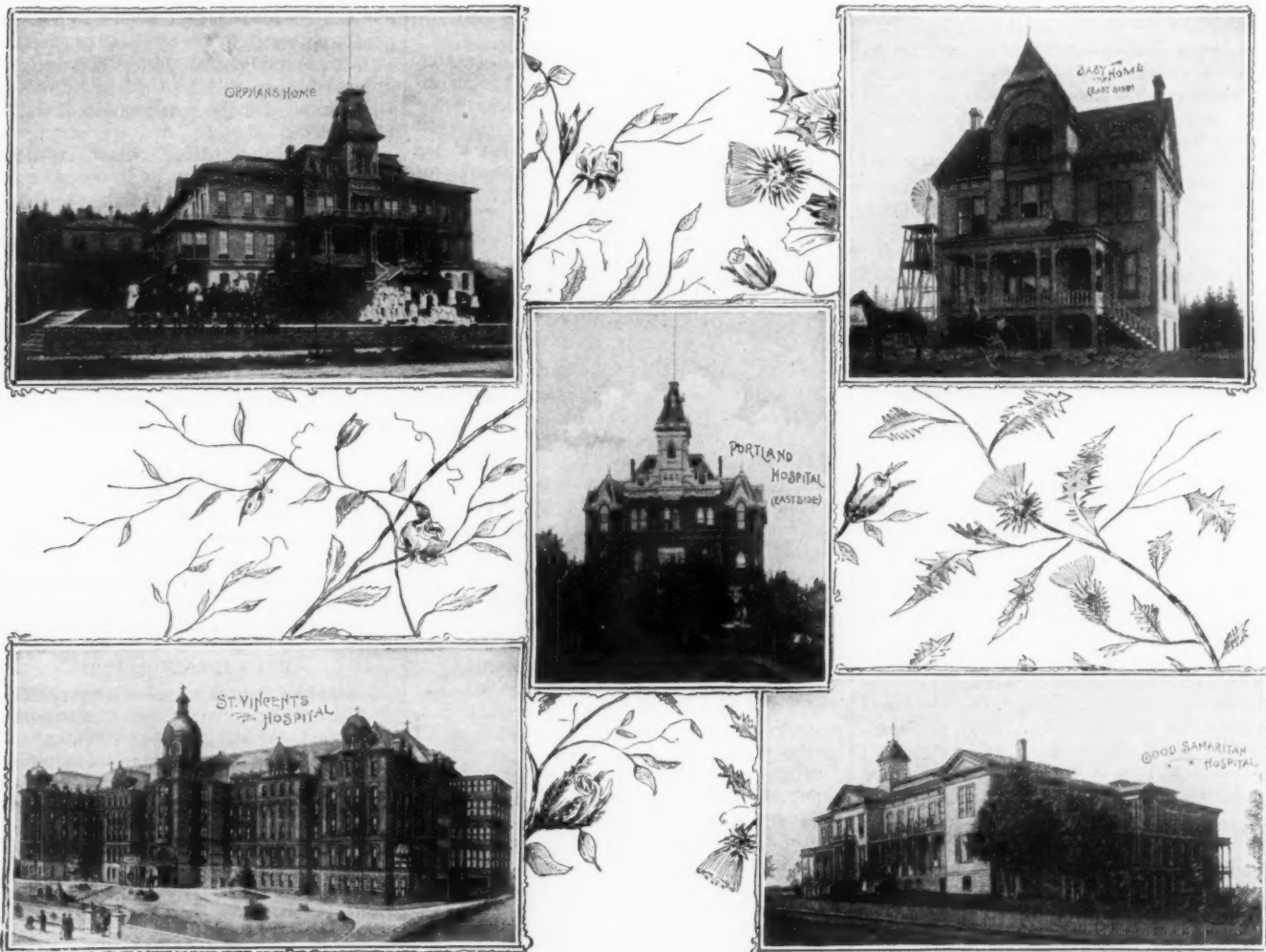
"Well, Uncas," queried Jack, "what is it?" and for answer, Jenny held up that portion of the

truly representative of hundreds of other similar instances, that the editor feels justified in reproducing it. In a recent letter to the publisher, Mr. E. A. Weber of Fifth and Isabella streets, Newport, Ky., says:

"Please find enclosed twenty cents in stamps, for which kindly send me the latest number of your magazine.

"It may be of interest to you to know that, through reading your excellent and progressive monthly, several young men of this city have located in the State of Washington, and are doing splendidly. The people of the Northwestern States cannot give too much support to such a magazine as you are publishing."

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has a strong circulation in other States as well as in those that are strictly Northwestern. It goes to an excellent class of people—to progressive men and



HOMES AND HOSPITALS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

potatoes, spoons, combs, soap, and trinkets disappeared constantly from both cabins, and night was made sleepless by constant and uncanny noises and the futile sallies of men, women, children, and dog.

On the third day Jenny registered a vow to have the creature's scalp or to leave the ranch in his possession, as life was becoming worthless under such a strain. Giving up the day to the task, she succeeded at last in blocking the hole under the house when the creature was out, and valiantly met him, in his returning rush around the corner of the house, with a wide board, which she plumped down upon him and jumped upon, with an exultant yell of victory that brought her fellow sufferers from the other cabin to share her triumph. Imagine their feel-

ing when, on turning the board over, the impish wearer of abnormal ears whisked out unharmed!—a providential depression in the ground, just large enough to hold him and just deep enough to escape the pressure of the board, having preserved his life.

Whether Monsieur Neotoma was executed by his tribe, like a Chinaman who has lost his queue, or thought the hints he had received too palpable to be overlooked by a self-respecting rodent, is not known, but, though they afterward found his cache of plunder, they neither saw nor heard him more.

E. BARNARD FOOT.

KENTUCKIANS IN WASHINGTON.

It is not often that THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE cares to say a word in its own favor, but the following unsolicited compliment, from an entire stranger, is so much to the point and so

women, and it is so truthful in its statements, respecting conditions and opportunities in its own particular field, that it is accepted as a reliable authority. This gives it an influence which but few publications possess, and it is not strange that its good work produces great results. The merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, the stockman, the fruit-grower, the miner—all are interested in, and all have profited by, the tireless efforts of this magazine during the past seventeen years. It has promoted settlement, hastened development of natural resources, and been a constant and unwavering advocate of Northwestern interests generally. Indeed, it is quite generally admitted, by the press and by the public alike, that in all these respects THE NORTHWEST stands pre-eminent.



Patience on a—Fence.

A man at Laureat, N. D., put in the day sitting on the fence looking for a total eclipse which he read would happen on the 28th of May. He was pretty mad when he went home and read the sun's ad. in the *Rolla Star*, to learn that the performance was to take place May 28, 1900. He got a rain-check, and will try again.—(*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*)

He Discovered It.

Comanche Bill was in town recently shaking hands with old acquaintances and friends. Bill was here when the placers were made, and is yet quite capable of giving boxing-lessons to a grizzly bear.

Upon being asked if he had ever been in New York, he looked upon the questioner with contempt, and replied, "Why, darn it, man, I discovered it." He was thinking of New York Gulch, and not of New York City.—(*Garnet (Mont.) Mining News.*)

A Mean Joke.

Mrs. S. P. Purdy was the victim of a practical joke—one of the meanest kind of jokes to be found in the joke category—last week, says the *Athena (Ore.) Press*. It was perpetrated by Sanford Stone, aided and abetted by Mr. Purdy.

While plowing, Mr. Stone found three owl-eggs, and took them to the house and informed Mrs. Purdy that they were Chinese pheasants' eggs. The good lady put them under a motherly old hen which was known to be reliable in the incubating business. In due course of time the eggs hatched, and there were three of the ugliest little fuzzy owlets imaginable.

One of them was delicate, and Mrs. Purdy placed it in the brooder, where it could receive her personal attention. The two men had considerable fun watching Mrs. Purdy propagating owls instead of game-birds, as she supposed; but there will be a day of reckoning a few weeks hence.

He took a "Skyfugle" Degree.

A man in Cannon Falls joined one of the numerous lodges which infest the place, against the gentle admonitions of his wife. Being something of a joker, he persuaded himself into the belief that this was a rare occasion to play a joke on his wife; so, after he had been initiated at the lodge-room, he went to the drug-store and bought a quarter's worth of sticking-plaster, which he cut in strips and pasted in criss-cross shape on his face and hands. Then he streaked a white handkerchief with red paint and tied it around his head, placed one arm in a sling, and went home.

In answer to the queries of his frightened wife, he said they had been giving him the skyfugle degree at the lodge, but instead of coming back through the skylight in the hall, when they tossed him up, they threw him clear over the building and he lit in the alley back of the hardware store—on a pile of harrows, plows, and scrap-iron.

His wife was horror stricken, and wanted to know if there was no law to punish fools who would insist in joining such heathenish lodges?

Some of the neighbors have since told it around and about, that when the wife found out that her husband had been fooling her, he was compelled to buy more sticking-plaster to cover some very serious abrasions along the side of his nose and above one eye. Be this as it may, he never told his wife anything about the other degrees in that lodge.—(*Cannon Falls (Minn.) Beacon.*)

She Is Tall and Fair.

She is tall, and fair, and very sweet. Her home is in one of the suburbs of the city. This spring a friend from Winona visited her, and the two girls went down-town the day the Winona maiden returned home.

"At what time does your train leave?" inquired the fair one.

"I think it is at 7:30," said the other, "but I must inquire."

"Why, I'll go into the next drug-store and telephone for you to the office," said the hostess.

They walked into the corner drug-store, and, with a charming smile, she made the apothecary glad to call up the railroad ticket-office for her.

"Hello!" she said sweetly. "Will you please tell me at what time the 7:30 train leaves for Winona?"

And when she received the answer, "The 7:30 train usually leaves at 7:30, and will tonight," she realized that the clerk was smiling, and was glad that the man at the ticket-office could not see as well as hear her over the 'phone.—(*St. Paul (Minn.) Globe.*)

The Waiter Collapsed.

I was in an all-night restaurant the other night, somewhere about 11 o'clock, perched on a stool and waiting expectantly for a stew which I had ordered. The front door of the restaurant suddenly opened wide, and a young woman entered who, from her flashy attire, glaringly large hat and obtrusive manner, evidently belonged to the class which hovers on the seamy side of life.

The waiter brightened up and remarked to me:

"There's a big order coming from that woman, and I get a quarter on the side, see?"

He went into the kitchen in response to the cook's summons, and brought out several orders, and while doing so the bell in the stall occupied by the woman rang three times.

"Hully gee!" said the waiter. "She's in a hurry;" and he rushed off to take her order.

She was a loud-voiced female, and when the waiter entered the stall she shouted out:

"Bring me a bun sandwich, and don't be so darn long in getting it!"

The waiter collapsed, but took his revenge by picking out for her the thickest, hardest, and measliest-looking bun in the house.

A Fatal Interruption.

They were telling political stories in a downtown office the other day, says a Minneapolis paper, and somebody recalled the tale of a one-time lieutenant-governor of North Dakota.

He was on the stump during a Presidential campaign, and was putting in his best licks in the rural districts. One afternoon he tackled a lot of Pembina County farmers, and opened upon them in his usual way.

"Friends," he said, "I know you are a sensible, hard-headed lot of honest toilers. You are not to be moved by sophistry or foolish deceptions. I have only to look around me to assure myself that you know a good thing when you see it. Now, let us suppose that one of you farmers has a hired man. You may feel a little doubt of him at the outset, but you give

him a fair trial. You like him so well that you keep him another year. And he serves you in a way that insures his re-engagement for still another year, and then another. Isn't that a good business principle?"

The orator paused, and smiled down at his listeners. Before he could resume, however, a shrill voice from the middle of the crowd interrupted him:

"Say," said the voice; "how is it when the hired man gets to thinkin' he owns the hull darned farm?"

It took the wind all out of the governor, as he himself afterward admitted, and he got over that argument as quickly as possible.

He was Resting.

It was do or die with him as he toiled up the long grade of the Lake Union bicycle path the other morning. He held the handlebars with a grip of death to stay the wobbling front wheel, and huge beads of perspiration dropped with a gentle patter from his forehead to the cinder-strewn ground beneath him. The doctor had ordered him to ride, and riding he was, with the specter of fatty degeneration of the heart at his elbow.

But for a dainty pair of boots, his ruin would never have occurred; but as it was, the temptation was too great, and he fell. As she flashed by him on the down grade, her face flushed with excitement and her golden curls fluttering under the brim of her jaunty sailor hat, he dared for the moment to turn his head, and the damage was done. Down a fifteen-foot embankment he went, in a shimmering halo of polished spokes and shining enamel, to land in a disorganized heap at the bottom.

"Are you hurt?" shouted the bicycle girl's escort, slackening his pace to survey the wreck.

"Hurt be —!" shouted the heavyweight, turning loose 260 pounds of bottled wrath. "I'm only resting, you idiot!"

"Serves you right for rubbering at my girl, you old porpoise! Enjoy yourself," retorted the bicycle youth. And he rode on, while the fallen rider swore and disentangled himself from his wheel.—(*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*)

Had a Concert, as Usual.

I once boarded with a woman who had a cat to kill. She spoke to her husband several times each day about killing this cat, and he promised that as soon as he could get the tools he would perform the ceremony; but, having a horse to water and the mail to get twice a day, he really had little time to kill a cat.

One day the woman asked me if I would remove the cat. I did not like to do it, but I knew the cat would be better dead than alive, for it was a bad cat. It scratched the children, skimmed the milk, got on top of the barn, and hollered all night louder than a steamboat whistle. Every one in town was sick of this cat, and hated to see it live.

I came home early, one night, and told the woman that I would kill the cat on an empty stomach. The cat was out in the wood-shed looking over music for the night concert, and I took up an old pistol which looked like the hind leg of a horse. It belonged to the woman's grandfather, and had been loaded twelve years for bear.

The cat sat on a chunk of wood and looked into the muzzle of the gun, and without a word of parting, I turned my head and pulled the trigger. The cat moved away at the same time, and the chunk of lead intended for the cat went into a new wash-boiler. The cat ran out of the wood-shed and under the house. I took a shotgun and went down cellar after it. I could see it under the front part of the house,

looking out of a couple of thirty-two-candle-power eyes. I aimed the shotgun, and pulled the trigger.

The noise that that gun made down in that one-horse potato cellar would have put a boiler factory to sleep. Everything in that house turned over twice; and the cat, which had pulled the same time I did, had a concert that evening as usual.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

The Reporter in Trouble.

We would be highly pleased if some one would come in and subscribe, and so help to heal our wounded feelings over a sad event that happened to us while out making the regular reporting rounds. Our treatment was such that it broke us all up and nearly drove us to drinking, which would have been real bad, if you stop to consider that our finances are exhausted and that our credit is no good. If you will glance over our weekly receipts, you will no longer wonder, when we change our clothes, why we take the ones we have on off, and then put 'em right back on again; therefore it is not strange that a lady who is not very well acquainted with us, and on whom we called to get a little information regarding a social event that took place just prior to our call, treated us in the manner we will now attempt to describe.

Putting on our best Sunday smile, we approached the door and boldly knocked. Our application for admission was answered by the lady of the house with a broom in her hand. We paid our respects to this person of state, and began:

"Madam, I—"

"Now, look here," said the lady, "you are the fourth loafer that has called here this morning for a hand-out, and I want you to understand, that just because I have mercy on a lot of good-for-nothings I am not a-going to feed every one that knocks at my door."

Tears of indignation were in her eyes; and it was only with an effort that we repressed a sob.

"But, madam, I would like—"

She stopped us by saying:

"The wood is all sawed; get out!"

"But, madam, would you please—"

Whack!!!

Do you remember the time when your loving mother used to dust your clothes for you? Well, ours were dusted in proper style, and the first friend we met exclaimed:

"By gosh! You must be going somewhere, Frank? Why, you are all brushed up!"

We don't exactly remember, but according to the way we felt we should judge that we had been brushed up, brushed down, and brushed crossways. Therefore take pity, and bring in the price of a subscription, so that we can purchase a suit of clothes and thus escape being treated in like manner the next time we are out reporting.—*Rosalie (Wash.) Citizen.*

A Few Matrimonial Descriptions.

Some weeks ago the Helix paper of this State published a list of marriageable bachelors, giving their accomplishments, attainments, etc., in painstaking detail. This week the *Press*, after careful investigation and with the charitable purpose of assisting the Helix bachelors to married life, appends the following list of marriageable maids in this neck o' woods, with the sole end in view of helping the good cause along. Should the present list find satisfactory and speedy settlement in life, we have others in reserve—in fact, more to follow:

Miss Sarsaparilla Sodapop—Blonde. Coal-black eyes; straight, curly hair, wavy when curling-iron is used; will agree to wear hair both day and night. Weight, 180. Only proviso insisted on is that husband must split wood and

furnish plenty of chewing-gum; also ice-cream soda in season. Can play piano, but prefer milking cows. Age, 37.

Mrs. Lucas McGlue—Widow. Age, 30; weight, 200. Am a crackerjack sock-mender, and delight in fancy needlework; am of a generous, meek disposition, but can run the mansion should occasion require it. Prefer to live in town. A good dancer. Would seriously consider proposition from a gentleman living in town who has money to burn. A calf-raiser or a manager of a chopmill would do.

Miss Ambolina Snow—Just a girl. Would be willing to hitch up with any good Helix farmer. Description: petite, with a slight tendency to embonpoint; complexion sandy; nose, retrouse—tip-tilted like a rose petal; eyes of the very latest military blue, shading to a beautiful Paris green, with a dreamy come-after-me-or-you'll-lose-me-look; wear a lovely set of false teeth, keep them in mouth on retiring. Wear No. 4 shoe on No. 6 foot. Can't dance, but prefer a man who can; delight in doing "chores" and other light, frivolous recreation only to be found on a farm. Have a pet cat that must go

slightly freckled, and have two dainty little warts on right hand that are just too cute for anything. Don't like cats, but am partial to poodle-dogs.—*Athena (Ore.) Press.*

Gim Gee's Badger.

Gim Gee Wiz, the Chinese hummer, is sore distressed and wounded in spirit, and has sworn vengeance against the party who made him a present of a fine large badger the other day. Notwithstanding the fact that he had been told of its fighting qualities, he allowed his sporting proclivities to get the upper hand of his better judgment; and when he was ready to run the animal through his sausage-grinder, he turned it loose in the kitchen and called in his favorite dog, which immediately made a lunge at the badger, who took a mouthful and commenced to claw.

The dog's heart was broken, and so was Gim's, and, if it had been possible, the fight would have been called off; but mysterious fate held the ruling of the set-to. When the dog yelled for mercy, Gee Wiz climbed onto a warm stove; but when the contestants went up against it,



A FEW MATRIMONIAL DESCRIPTIONS.

"Miss Jessamina Angelina Peppersauce. Can sing a solo without stopping every watch in the audience or breaking the window-panes, and am slightly freckled."

with me when taken. Address care *Press* office.

Miss Essalina Acquineldo—Spinster. Prefer man who works on section and stays out late nights. Good cook, and would much rather split wood than manipulate piano. Age, 41; black hair, ruddy complexion, and have temper enough to file a saw. At present am employed in running a milk-wagon and writing serial stories for the *Inland Homestead*, but prefer to settle down to private life. Am of Irish descent, but won't take in washing. Address me at *Athena* post-office, or care of *Homestead*. Am a good catch, and consider myself the chance of a lifetime for any man.

Miss Jessamina Angelina Peppersauce—Any one in the Helix list would suit me, although I have a penchant for a man with a bald head, but who wears a wig. I am of a mild, even disposition, having never yet been married. Dearest living in town. Farmer is my choice. Can sing a solo without stopping every watch in the audience or breaking the window-panes. Reside in another State, but like Oregon climate. Weight over 100; complexion nondescript;

he came down with the rest of the debris.

He still retained his presence of mind, however, and with remarkable agility mounted a table, from which he fired everything available at the badger. Even the sausage-grinder landed across the dog's head, and inflicted a scalp-wound that blinded him and caused him to yell still louder.

Gim took a fit, jumped through a window, and landed in a slop barrel. "—*†*—ki-yi tuna muck ah hi," could be heard between mouthfuls of slop for blocks around. His loud screaming and wild gesticulations, coupled with the din going on inside, startled the neighbors, who rushed to the rescue.

"Heep quick! Melican man ketchee gun; he cot tame sunaka blich; killy my bes dlog."

More slop. The neighbors pulled him up, left him hanging limp over the edge of the barrel, went in, and soon had the badger back in its cage. Gim floundered out, fed the badger a piece of meat with a bomb in it, and now the carpenters are putting a new roof on the kitchen.—*"Bent," in Pasco (Wash.) News-Recorder.*

at a time when Providence is rounding up the glory of this nation by forcing the star of empire Westward—to conquer commercially the old, ancient world. Steadily, and with hardly a break, the center of population has moved Westward—with wealth and influence; and when the future historian shall write, the center of population will be found on Puget Sound, and on these shores it will remain and increase, as was foreseen by that great prince of statesmen, Hon. James G. Blaine, who, at the time when Washington was coming in as a State of the Union, said: "I do not pretend to name the time, because I have not fixed it in my mind; but the time will come, in the history of this great country, when Puget Sound will become the most densely populated portion of the world."

Puget Sound is but of yesterday, yet, by its wonderful strides in the last decade, what was then problematical respecting the enormous possibilities of its future, as foreseen by that great seer, is being developed before the eyes of the world. The railways are being multiplied that are to span this great Republic, chaining the Atlantic to the Pacific; trans-Siberian railways are reaching from the Atlantic shores, spanning Russia until they meet on opposite sides of this mighty ocean, thus encompassing in almost unbroken links the three continents, and needing but the greyhounds of the sea to complete the chain of a circle around the earth, which, through Puget Sound, will open to our manufactures the best of the world's commerce. Herein lies the secret of the impetus which will form in the not very distant future a growth on Puget Sound that will exceed everything the wildest imagination has ever conceived.

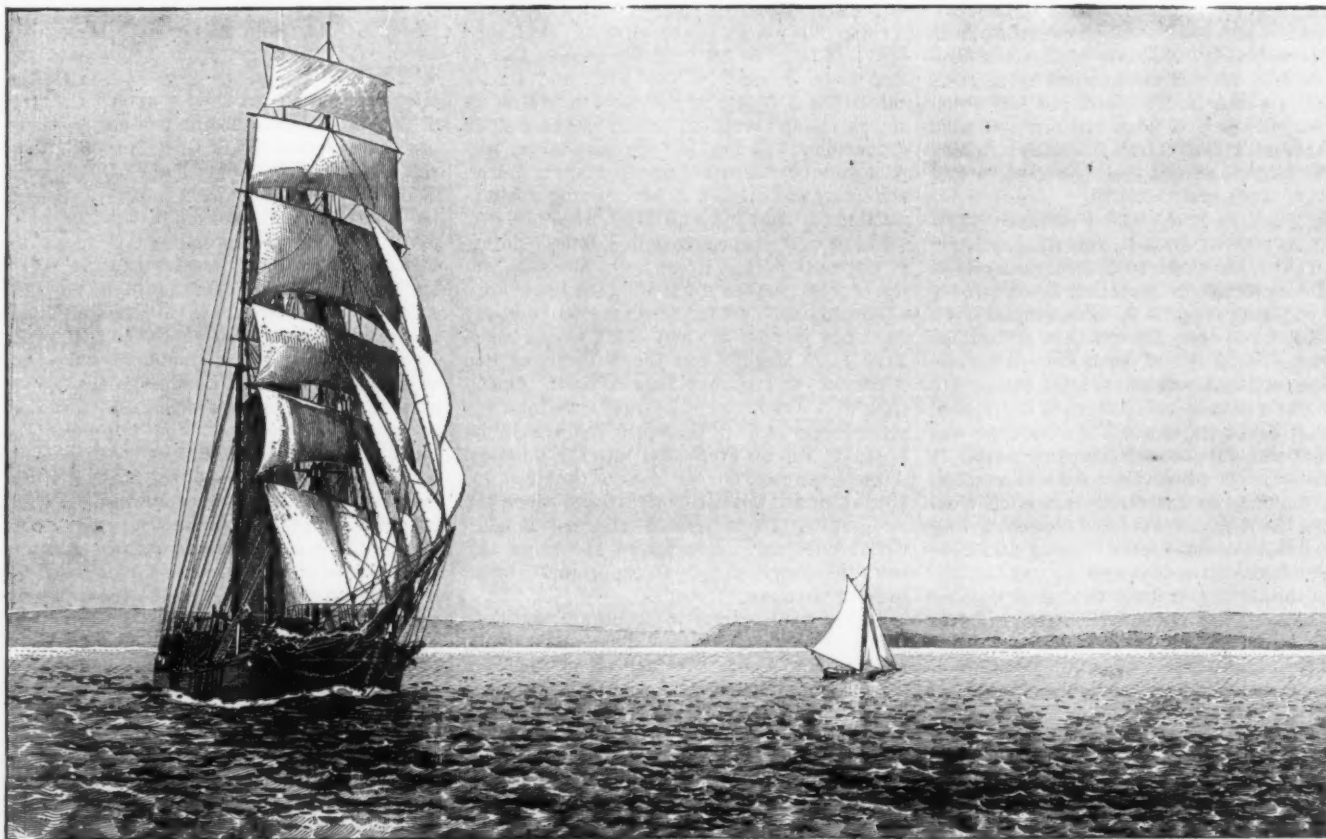
But we ask the nation for part of the wealth which the Great West has poured into the lap of the East, aggregating four thousand mil-

lions of dollars in gold, silver, and copper, besides the millions of tons of produce from our fields and forests during the past fifty years, all gone to enrich the people of the Eastern States. Surely they should not forget her who supplied the richness from which their greatness has come. The National Government has spent and is still spending millions of dollars on the harbors of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and they claim that their interests are based, not on local, but on national considerations. Why should not that aspect be urged by the cities of Puget Sound? The indifference on the part of the General Government towards the harbors of the great Northwest, puts them at a very great disadvantage in favor of British commerce at Victoria, B. C., the British relying on their nearness to the Pacific to attract foreign trade. This competition should be met in the most effectual way. Any outlay for shortening the distance to the Pacific would be repaid a hundred-fold in immediate pecuniary returns, and by the protection it would be to our fleets, raising the prestige of the United States in Pacific waters.

The State of Washington, realizing the advantages of such a short passage, passed through the Legislature in 1895 a House Memorial to Congress for a survey of the proposed Puget Sound and Gray's Harbor Canal. This canal would begin at tidewater at Olympia, and run through Black Lake and Black River into the waters of the Chehalis River, which empties into Gray's Harbor. It would necessitate the cutting and dredging (from the navigable waters of the United States) of some twenty miles at a very small expense, considering its value to the nation. It would shorten the distance between Lower Puget Sound cities and Gray's Harbor 200 to 250 miles, or more than seventy-three per cent of the distance. It would give direct shipping communication between Gray's Harbor

and British territory in the north; it would make Puget Sound entirely in American waters in times of war, by giving our fleets one to three outlets by the proposed canal entirely inside of American territory, free access being had to Washington's rich coal-fields. It could always be relied upon for offense and defense. The Government is now building jetties at Gray's Harbor which will cost, when finished, between one million and two million dollars. When these jetties are completed, Gray's Harbor will be a harbor of refuge to our shipping on the Pacific, with its 1,200 miles of natural coast line—a harbor free from the varying tides that intermeet on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and on Vancouver's dangerous shores. It will be free from sand-bars, also; and by the short-cut canals from the Columbia River into Willapa Harbor and into Gray's Harbor, it will furnish security to the far inland trade of the Columbia, thus becoming the ideal port of the Pacific, safe even from the dangers that beset the Golden Gate, where fogs and storms practically bar its entrance whilst they prevail.

This is the ideal southern gateway to the great inland sea of Puget Sound, when its commerce shall pass through the proposed Puget Sound and Gray's Harbor Canal—a fresh-water stream that will cleanse the ocean greyhounds of barnacles as they enter from their journeys across the Pacific Ocean to the future great markets of the world's commerce. This canal would benefit every industry, more or less, of every city and town in the interstates of the Northwest, besides benefiting the nation at large, since it would make a difference of one to three days in the passage of commerce from Puget Sound to the Pacific Ocean. It is therefore hoped that the Congressmen from these great Western States will give to Puget Sound and the proposed Puget Sound and Gray's Harbor Canal the encouragement deserved.



GRAY'S HARBOR, WASHINGTON.

Gray's Harbor is nearly due west of Olympia, on the Pacific Coast line of the State of Washington. It is about eighteen miles long, the greatest width being fourteen miles. The entrance to the bay from the ocean is across a bar, but as the depth of water at low tide is twenty-two feet, it is not difficult for vessels to enter.



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ST. PAUL, AUGUST, 1899.

MARCUS DALY AND MONTANA.

For some time past it has been reported that Marcus Daly, the famous manager of the Anaconda mine and reduction works, would probably leave Montana and make his home in Denver, Col. He has sold his interests in the great properties which he has developed and which have made for him a large fortune, and with five or six millions of dollars in money it is only natural that he should seek the comforts and entertainments of a large city.

Daly's history reads like a romance. Few men have ever succeeded in creating so much wealth out of undeveloped natural resources as he. He appeared in Montana about twenty years ago, and engaged in underground work as a common miner. He was then a vigorous, handsome young fellow, with a slight brogue in his speech that told of his Irish birth. He boarded at a little miners' tavern in Butte, and, although evidently of a social nature, he was reserved, and did not seek companionship. It was observed that he did not work long in one mine, and that he was never turned off from any job, but always discharged himself, giving as a reason that the mine was damp and gave him rheumatism, or that the air was bad and he got headache, or that the mine was too far from the town for convenience. It never dawned upon any one in Butte, at the time, that his real motive was to get all the information he could concerning the mines of the place, which were then just beginning to attract attention. In six months he had gathered more actual facts about the principal mining properties in and near Butte, than was possessed by any old-timer in the town.

Daly had, in fact, been sent to Butte by a San Francisco capitalist who contemplated the purchase of one of the new silver mines opened there, and who took this method of getting trustworthy information concerning the value

of the different properties. His visit resulted in the purchase of the Anaconda mine. Daly had been warned that the ore contained only a little silver and a trifle of gold, but he knew that it contained in large quantities a metal that would yield more wealth than either silver or gold, namely, copper. At that time all the copper produced in the United States came from the northern peninsula of Michigan, and the quantity was not nearly equal to supplying the demand; so that large importations were made every year from foreign countries.

As manager of the mine, Daly began to develop tremendous energy and remarkable business ability. His problem was not only how to get the ore out of the mine in large quantities, but also how to get the metals out of the ore. The ore was totally unlike that of the Lake Superior region, where the copper exists in the rock in seams and streaks in a pure state, and where it is extracted by the stamp process employed on free-milling gold ore. The Butte ore is a sulphuret of copper, carrying enough silver and gold to pay the cost of mining. To extract the metals requires numerous expensive processes. Daly selected a little valley about twenty miles from Butte, where there was plenty of wood near at hand upon the mountain-slopes, and there he erected the largest reduction works in the world; so large, in fact, that they created a town of over ten thousand inhabitants in a few years. He called the town Anaconda, from the name of the mine, and erected in it the largest hotel in Montana. He also built stores and churches and schoolhouses, established a daily newspaper, put in an electric-light plant, dug sewers, bought fire-engines, and in a marvelously short time he had a completely equipped little city, the inhabitants of which all lived directly or indirectly upon the great reduction works. The works concentrated and smelted the ore, and turned out a product called copper matte, which contained all the metals of the ore, mixed with a good deal of base material. The matte, in the form of disks, each about as large as an ordinary cheese, had at first to be shipped to New York and thence across the Atlantic to Swansea, in Wales, for separation and refining; yet it was so rich in copper that the profits were very large, notwithstanding the cost of transportation. Later, the matte was shipped to new refining-works in Baltimore, Md., and still later, after the electrical process had been invented, large refining-works were built at Great Falls, Montana, for the express purpose of handling the Butte ores.

The stockholders in the Anaconda Company were few in number, and chief among them were J. B. Haggin and Lloyd Tevis, of San Francisco, and Marcus Daly himself. Operations were conducted on a larger scale than any other copper mine in the world, and the profits began to run up every year into the millions. About a year ago a large block of the stock was bought by an English syndicate in which the Rothschilds are interested, and recent additional purchases have placed the mine and works in foreign control, all the original owners retiring with large fortunes.

In his whole career in Montana, Mr. Daly met with only one reverse. That was when he attempted to secure the removal of the State capital from Helena to Anaconda. The scheme was an absurd one, because there was no valid argument in favor of the change, and it had the appearance of a gigantic real-estate speculation; but Mr. Daly threw himself into it with characteristic energy and determination. He spent money freely in all ways known to corrupt politics, subsidizing newspapers and paying for the services of purchasable politicians; and he would no doubt have been victorious had not a rival mining king, W. A. Clark, of Butte, come

to the aid of Helena with his influence and money.

Most rich men have their hobbies, and Mr. Daly has his. It is a wholesome and reasonable hobby, however—the breeding of race-horses. He bought an immense tract of land in the Bitter Root Valley, and there established a model horse-ranch, which is visited by horsemen from all over the country. Here he has produced some famous racers, which won in many meetings on Eastern courses. For several years his horses appeared at most of the great racing events in the East, and his stable has become one of the most celebrated in the country.

Mr. Daly has a great many friends and not a few enemies in Montana, and it is safe to say that enemies and friends alike would regret his departure from the State, recognizing the fact that in his going the community would suffer a serious loss. Men who are capable of developing great enterprises that employ thousands of working people and produce millions of new wealth are rarely found, and of this choice class Marcus Daly is a prince.

A MINNESOTA FORESTRY RESERVE.

The enthusiasts who a few years ago persuaded President Cleveland to withdraw from settlement a large part of the State of Washington for the creation of permanent forest reserves, are not discouraged by the failure of their efforts in the far Northwest, and are now turning their attention to the State of Minnesota and trying to start a movement in Congress for setting apart as a reserve and national park all the region lying about the sources of the Mississippi. The Washington reserve orders were so sweeping in their character, and so detrimental to settlement and to the extension of mining and lumbering interests, that the Congressmen from that State, acting in response to an overwhelming public opinion, had no difficulty in getting Cleveland's successor, President Harrison, to abrogate them. The scheme for the sequestration of the greater part of Northern Minnesota originates in Chicago and is promoted by a lawyer named Col. John S. Cooper. We read in the newspapers that it has the endorsement of Gov. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and of James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway. A meeting is to be held in Chicago in October, and a party of about fifty prominent Congressmen, Federal officials, and forestry experts, will be taken on an excursion as far into the great forest district of this State as railroads have penetrated, with the expectation that on their return they will become active promoters of a scheme to set apart by act of Congress some 7,000,000 acres in that region for a national park and permanent forest reserve. The impropriety of starting a movement in Chicago to dispose of a large part of the surface of the State of Minnesota does not appear to have occurred to Colonel Cooper and his fellow zealots. Have we no cities in this State that serve as centers of intelligence where such a movement, if it has merit, might be launched? No doubt the promoters are afraid to face the practical interests they would have to antagonize if they attempted to form their organization here, but they may depend upon it that Minnesota people will insist on being heard when a measure is introduced in Congress to take the larger part of the unsettled districts of their State and hold them forever in an unsettled condition.

We freely grant the truth of all the arguments urged about the importance of preventing the devastation of the forests that envelop the headwaters of the Mississippi, the value of these timbered districts in regulating the volume of water in the stream, preventing droughts

and freshets, and of the sentimental appropriateness of creating a national park around Lake Itasca. But the project in question does not stop with the Lake Itasca region; it includes the greater part of the counties of Cass, Hubbard, Beltrami, and Itasca, and embraces an area larger than the State of Connecticut. This area is our main dependence for future growth in Minnesota. Railroads are now building through it, and settlers are going into it every year in large numbers. Much of the land is highly fertile, and it is therefore attractive to farmers who seek new homes in the West. We do not want to see all Northern Minnesota fenced in by the General Government so that no new settlers can take homesteads there and engage in the cultivation of the soil. It would be better to get along with the present irregularities in the flow of the Mississippi, and with any future aggravation of those irregularities which are likely to occur from the further cutting of the forests.

Besides, there is an insuperable obstacle to the establishment of any solid, contiguous forest reserve, in the fact that less than half the land in the region in question belongs to the General Government. The greater part of it is the property of lumbering companies, of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, and of individual settlers. This fact does not seem to be taken into account by the promoters of the forest-reserve project. It would take a good deal of money to buy out all the private and corporate ownership of forest lands in the counties named, so as to make a solid reservation.

There is another point to be considered. The common idea of all forest-reserve advocates is that, as soon as the pine timber is cut off any district, the land remains entirely bare and is worthless, not only for agriculture, but also for the storage of rainfall and the preservation of the snow, so that it shall melt gradually. This is not the case, however. If the land is not occupied for tillage or for pasturage, it speedily grows up in poplar, which soon makes a new forest, with the aid of the many pine-trees left standing as unfit for lumber. There is no such thorough cleaning off of the woods as many people imagine.

We predict that this Chicago movement for disposing of Minnesota's unsettled lands will result in nothing more than a pleasant excursion to our lakes and forests of a few gentlemen who like to figure in the newspapers as reformers and promoters of new public demonstrations. We shall be glad to see them, and they will be cordially welcomed—without any suggestion that they would do better to mind their own business, and let us Minnesota people deal with our own problems. Our Legislature has already endeavored to establish a State park around Lake Itasca, but the plan halts because of the private ownership of much of the land which ought to be embraced in the proposed park.

THE SNOQUALMIE WATER-POWER.

The recent development by a Seattle company of the water-power of Snoqualmie Falls, for the purpose of transmission in electrical energy to both Seattle and Tacoma, is interesting not only because both of those cities will be furnished with an ample supply of electricity for running manufactories and lighting streets, but also because it marks the introduction of a new form of water-wheel, which is claimed to be as great an improvement on the turbine as was the turbine when, invented, on the old overshot wheel. This new wheel is called a "cycloidal mortar," and it applies hydraulic pressure in a new and very ingenious manner. It is the invention of Thomas T. Johnston, chief engineer of the Chicago Drainage Canal. At Sno-

qualmie it yields twelve thousand horse-power. It will be applied to the numerous water-powers created on the line of the drainage canal, and will give to Chicago an almost unlimited supply of electric force, which will powerfully stimulate the growth of manufacturing enterprise in that city.

We would be glad to see the "cycloidal mortar" installed on a dam built at the rapids of the St. Croix River, where there is now a great water-power running to waste. This power, converted into electricity and transmitted to St. Paul, would become in time a great source of wealth to this city. It is high time for St. Paul to get out of the rut into which it fell when speculation collapsed and hard times set in, and to begin looking about for new sources of business.

WASHINGTON'S FOREST PRODUCTS.

There has recently been so much discussion as to the quantity of lumber standing in the Washington forests, that the following estimate of Prof. Henry Gannett, of the United States Geological Survey, will be peculiarly interesting:

County.	Timber, feet.	County.	Timber, feet.
Chehalis.....	18,579,058,000	Pacific.....	7,318,067,000
Clallam.....	9,071,590,000	Pierce.....	6,520,131,000
Clarke.....	2,341,686,000	Skagit.....	10,362,422,000
Cowlitz.....	5,216,435,000	Skamania.....	4,661,130,000
Island.....	430,000,000	Snohomish.....	7,708,770,000
Jefferson.....	4,230,160,000	Thurston.....	2,787,343,000
King.....	7,763,846,000	Wahkiakum.....	2,974,107,000
Kitsap.....	1,140,900,000	Whatcom.....	1,346,395,000
Lewis.....	8,586,262,000		
Mason.....	2,091,065,000	Total.....	103,624,376,000
Varieties. Timber, feet.		Varieties. Timber, feet.	
Fir.....	66,328,861,000	Spruce.....	6,403,405,000
Cedar.....	16,192,270,000		
Hemlock.....	14,699,834,000	Total.....	103,624,376,000

There is a good deal of standing timber in Eastern Washington, especially on the Eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains and in the mountainous counties of the northeastern portion of the State. The principal timber is "bull" pine, although some fir and tamarack is found scattered through the growth. "Bull" pine is a tough, hard wood, fitted more for timbers and rough work than for interior finish and shop-work. Tamarack is used for sash and door work, being of a softer grain than the pine.

Douglas fir is noted for its strength and durability. It is especially adapted for bridge and construction timbers, and for other purposes where strength is required. It makes an exceedingly handsome inside finish, and for flooring, car-siding, decking, etc., it cannot be excelled by any soft wood that grows. The tree reaches its best growth in the Pacific Northwest, it being no uncommon occurrence to find trees 300 to 400 feet in height, 200 feet without a limb. It is the spar-maker's paradise, and fir (or Oregon pine, as it is sometimes misnamed) masts and spars are used all over the world. Logs up to 120 feet can as easily be converted into merchantable lumber as the sixteen-foot article in the Eastern States. The largest tree we have any knowledge of was cut in Mason County, near Shelton, about three years ago. It measured fourteen feet in diameter, and required the making of an extra long saw to cut it. The average log, however, will run from two to six feet in diameter, and will scale from 1,200 feet upward. The St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company cut one thirty-three-foot log last year that scaled over 10,000 feet and contained lumber enough to build an ordinary cottage. How the scale compares with the Eastern logs is easily demonstrated. At Minneapolis the scale averaged nine and one-half logs to 1,000 feet last year, and at Menominee, Mich., the scale was nine logs to 1,000 feet. This would not even be called good pile timber in the Pacific Northwest.

Next to fir, red cedar is abundant. It is a valuable wood for interior finish, siding, doors, porch columns, and shingles. It will not warp or shrink, and is practically indestructible. It is better known in the East as a shingle wood, for which it has no superior. Nearly 20,000 carloads of shingles were shipped from Washington alone to the East last year.

Spruce is a fine wood and much in demand for siding, shop-work, boxes and packages where the contents are susceptible to the taint of wood—spruce being absolutely tasteless. It is of a milk-white color, and has been sold in the East under the name of white pine. The trees are larger in girth than the fir, but do not reach the height of the latter.

Hemlock is a coming wood in the Pacific Northwest. It is entirely different from its Eastern cousin, inasmuch as it will stay in place, wears well, and is one of the handsomest finishing woods we have. On account of its name, little or no effort has been made to introduce it.

Silver fir, or larch, is another fine wood. It grows in the mountains, is fine grained, soft, and easily worked. It is used in the manufacture of sash and doors, siding, and interior finish.

Alaska, or yellow cedar, is a fine-grained wood especially adapted for pattern making, window-blinds, and musical sounding-boards; but as it has not been discovered in large enough quantities, the sale for it has not been pushed.

Among other varieties of woods may be mentioned oak, ash, alder, cottonwood, and maple. The oak and maple are small, and not to be compared with the Eastern article. Ash, alder, and cottonwood are good, and growing in demand.—*Pacific Lumber Trade Journal, Seattle, Wash.*

MAN'S DISLIKE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Man is a domestic animal until he becomes changed through unfortunate conditions of life. He likes his own fireside and takes pride in his household belongings, and if he is forced to sacrifice them he feels a great sense of loss, like that occasioned by the crippling of some one of his faculties. This I know from observation, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*. Note the ever-increasing number of bachelor apartments in which unmarried men make the best substitute for a home their condition will permit. They furnish their own apartments generally, and take a vast pride in them.

Occasionally is found a man who lacks the home instinct. The first of the number I have ever found is a married man who has passed middle age. He is a devoted husband, and has no interests outside his family and business. He began his married life with a home, and has alternated that with boarding up to the present time, when he is about to renew the home life. It is much against his will that the change is to be made; it is purely and simply a sacrifice to his wife's wishes. He freely admits that two rooms and a common table is his ideal of life, because it relieves him of responsibility, and gives him a greater degree of comfort.

I say of him as of the woman who prefers a boarding-house life, it is a perverted taste. Nature started the world with a predominating home instinct. It has withstood the many unnatural conditions of a high state of civilization, and instigated ideas which have furnished a creditable substitute for the hosts of men and women who are obliged to live alone. To be sure, the life has many drawbacks, but it has compensations. I have about reached the point of believing that almost everything in life has to be weighed in the balance; it is the only way in which we can acquire philosophy, and that is the oil which makes life smooth and easy-running.



THE suit recently begun in the Federal courts by the Central Trust Company of New York to foreclose a mortgage of \$1,500,000 against the Everett Land Company, is said to be a proceeding on the part of John D. Rockefeller to get possession of the property of the Land Company, including the town site of Everett, Washington. Mr. Rockefeller has spent so much money on that town-site proposition, including the railroad up to the Monte Cristo mines, the smelter, and various other enterprises for the development of Everett, that no man is better entitled to take control of the entire outfit. If any man can realize the original idea of making a city at the mouth of the Snohomish River, he is the man. At present there is only a straggling and disjointed town at that point.

WE publish in this number an article by Elias J. Payn, civil engineer, on a project for a ship canal from the head of Puget Sound at Olympia, Washington, to the Pacific Ocean at Gray's Harbor. It is interesting reading, but we must confess that the project looks visionary. There is already a good natural access to the sea from Puget Sound by way of the broad Strait of Juan de Fuca, and it is not out of the way for Oriental commerce. Vessels sailing from San Francisco to Japan make as much northing as the de Fuca Strait before they steer west to cross the Pacific. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that ships going from Seattle or Tacoma to Japanese ports would lock through a long canal to get out by way of Gray's Harbor, if a canal were built. The only substantial gain in distance offered by the new route, would be to vessels navigating between Puget Sound and San Francisco.

ON the basis of the number of names in the new directories, the Chicago papers are figuring that there are now more people in Chicago than in the old city of New York as it was territorially before the Greater New York consolidation was effected, and that if the consolidation of outlying boroughs with the old city had not taken place, the census of 1900 would have reduced New York to second rank among American cities. Every Chicago newspaper, and probably every Chicago citizen, is confident that, in spite of New York's absorption of all the outlying cities within reach, Chicago will become the greatest American city before the new century is half gone. Our wonderful Western metropolis now leads all European cities in population, London alone excepted. Yet there are men still living who remember when the first houses were built under the protection of old Fort Dearborn in the marshes at the mouth of the little creek called the Chicago River.

AMONG the Icelanders in Manitoba, Canada, children take the Christian name of the fathers instead of perpetuating the family surname. Happening to mention this fact in the July number of this magazine, it caught the eye of Mr. S. J. Rasmussen, of Starbuck, Minn., who informs us that the custom alluded to is quite common among the peasants of all Scandinavian countries, it having existed since the days of the early kings, and being naturally retained

in Iceland, where the old Norse language and customs have been faithfully carried down to our own times. Our correspondent says: "It is logically correct that John, the son of Haakon Johnson, should become John Haakonson; in fact, the custom extends to the daughter as well: Ragni, daughter of Haakon Johnson, becomes Ragni Haakonsdatter (daughter). It is true that this custom sometimes causes confusion, particularly in this country, where some adopt the custom and others do not. This is ordinarily obviated by the family taking the name of the farm where they live, and this becomes the surname proper—Haakon Johnson Bratlid, John Haakonson Bratlid, Ragni Haakonsdatter Bratlid, etc. This refers to the people in the country; the city population usually keep the family name, as with us."

THE Camas Prairie, in Northern Idaho, is a large, fertile tract of country which has been bidding for a railroad many years. At last the Northern Pacific gave attention to the appeals of its inhabitants, and began building a line from Lewiston; but hardly had work begun upon it before the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company surveyed a rival line and announced its intention to build at once. The O. R. and N. line crosses to the north side of the Clearwater River at Lewiston, runs along the north bank of the stream, recrosses at Spalding, runs up the South Fork of the Clearwater to the mouth of Big Canyon, opposite Lenore; up Big Canyon to Little Canyon, and up Little Canyon to the prairie near Nez Perce. Crossing the prairie, it strikes Lawyer's Canyon, which it follows to the head, and then goes in a fairly straight line through Cottonwood, Denver, and Grangeville to Mt. Idaho. The total distance is about 120 miles. Mr. J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern, became a stockholder in the O. R. and N. not long ago, and this probably accounts for its new aggressive policy. After Henry Villard left it, a policy of inactivity was pursued for many years, and the control of the property was tossed back and forth between the Union Pacific and the original stockholders. The original plan of the O. R. and N. was to serve as a Pacific Coast outlet to both the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific, and if it could have held that position it would have become a great money-maker.

SINCE the plan for a seven-million-acre park-and-forest reserve in Northern Minnesota was first published, its advocates have made important modifications in the proposed legislation, and they do not now desire to have agricultural settlement prohibited in the areas reserved, nor do they oppose the establishment of villages within the tract. Their present idea appears to be only to stop the operations of the lumbermen, and to establish under Government direction a system of tree culture on the plan followed in Germany and Austria. Bishop Gilbert, of St. Paul, suggests that the area thus reserved be limited to fifty miles square, and S. F. Fullerton, former State game warden, thinks that twenty miles square would be enough. It is probable that the discussion of the project will bring it down to reasonable proportions. We do not see, however, how there can be any systematic reservation of the present standing timber if farmers are allowed to enter homesteads, for the first thing the agricultural settler must do is to cut down the trees to get the land ready for plowing, and whether this be done by himself or by some lumber company before he goes upon the land, the result is the same, so far as the trees are concerned. We cannot have farms and forests on the same ground; and the question is, which would be for the best interests of the State at large? We

can, in time, have either half a million people in what is now the Northern Minnesota wilderness, or we can have a forest. For our part, we prefer the people to the trees.

OUR State Department wisely suggests a compromise in the boundary dispute that will be of immediate advantage to Canada and will, at the same time, involve no loss of territory by the United States. This is for our Government to concede to Canada a free port of entry on Lynn Canal, where goods can be landed without the payment of customs duties, and whence they can be transported to the interior. This disposes finally of the Canadian claim that the United States is moved solely by self-interest in its present attitude, and that we desire to control the commerce of the Yukon region by shutting Canada out from the seacoast. The truth of the whole matter is, that the shutting out was done by the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain, in which Russia carefully reserved to herself the entire coast strip, and made it embrace the country for thirty miles back from the ocean. Our rights are precisely those which Russia secured by that treaty, and Canada never questioned them until gold was found on the Yukon, and the desirability to Canadian commerce of a port on the Pacific became manifest. Our own interests in the new gold-field are trifling compared with those of Canada, but we ought not to be expected for this reason to give up to our neighbors a portion of Alaska which unquestionably belongs to us.

THE belligerent talk in the Canadian Parliament of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier and leader of the Liberal party, and Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the Conservative party, about the Alaska boundary dispute, does not create any excitement in this country. Canada is naturally anxious to secure some part of the seacoast strip of Alaska, so that she can get a harbor from which she can build a railroad to her possessions on the Yukon. Whether she is entitled to any part of that strip depends on the boundary treaty made between Great Britain and Russia nearly seventy years ago. The meaning of that treaty is in dispute, and will ultimately be settled, not by arms, but by arbitration. In the meantime, let us all keep our tempers, and remember that all the gold in Alaska would not pay the cost of a war between the two greatest powers in the world. The bare suggestion of the possibility of such a war is foolishness, and both Great Britain and the United States are too strong to indulge in blustering over the question of whether the boundary should be drawn from peak to peak near the seashore, or should follow the backbone of the main mountain range farther inland—which is the crux of the whole matter. If the heads of the bays and inlets are finally determined to be in Canada, we shall acquiesce good-naturedly, and if they are, as our State Department holds, in the United States, we believe our Canadian friends will be just as amiable.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, the Canadian premier, who talks of war as a possible last resort for the settlement of the Alaska boundary question, is a tall, slender man of about sixty, of French ancestry. He is a ready and effective orator, who speaks with equal ease in either English or French, and his manners are graceful and winning. He was born in the Province of Quebec, and came up step by step to the leadership of the Liberal party, so that when that party secured a majority in Parliament he was naturally selected as the head of the Government—in accordance with the Canadian system, which is closely modeled on the English

system of a ministry which is always in accord with the majority in the legislative body. He was knighted by the Queen after he became prime minister. He has shown great skill in keeping himself on top in the turbulent and changeable politics of the Dominion, but as a diplomat he has not been so successful. As a member of the Joint High Commission created for the settlement of open questions between Canada and the United States, his policy was to claim everything for Canada that would promote Canadian interests, and to concede nothing. In spite of the fact that every existing map shows the boundary between Alaska and the Dominion to be exactly where our Government claims it should be, he insisted on pushing the line westward so as to include the head of Lynn Canal, where Canada is anxious to establish a port from which her commerce can reach the gold-fields of the Yukon; and he has thus thrown the boundary question back to the British Government for adjustment. In taking this stand he no doubt has his eye on home

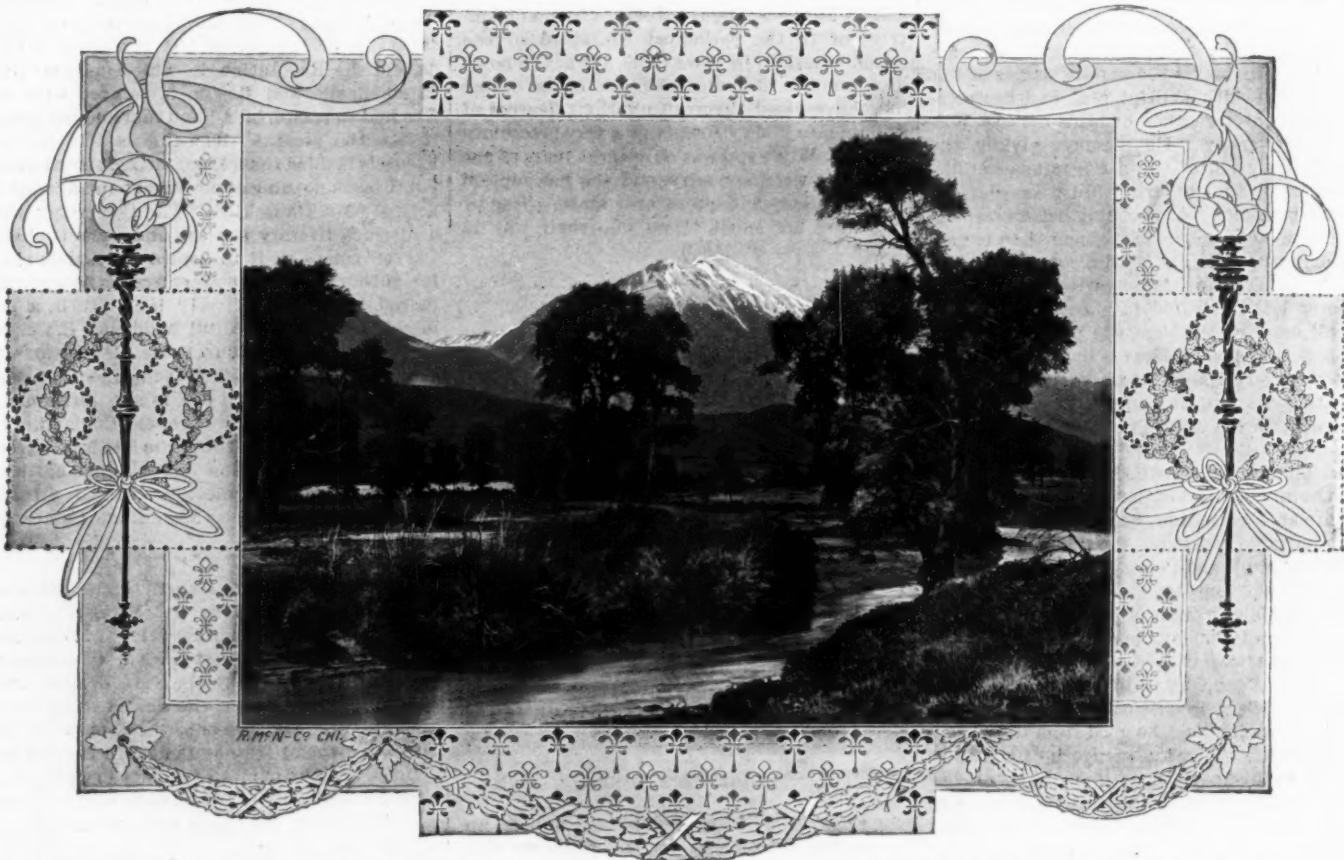
in the selection of Tacoma by the fact that a large tract of wild land fronting on the Sound belonged to the railroad company at that place and was available for town-site purposes. The competing points were Seattle and Olympia, but each of these places was already an established town, and no land could be had except by purchase at good prices. When the land company was formed, the railroad company owned half the stock, and the other half was taken by Director C. B. Wright and his Philadelphia friends. Tacoma had two periods of rapid growth, the first following the building of the railroad to the terminal city from the Columbia River, and the second following the opening of the Cascade line of the Northern Pacific. During the last period of growth, which ended in 1893, the zealous friends of the place (and among them the writer of these notes was always counted) believed that it was destined to gather in the trade of the Orient, to surpass San Francisco, and, of course, to distance its near competitor, Seattle. But the fact that Seattle was for a

built, it is much better for the inhabitants to depend on themselves than to place their reliance on a railroad company whose board of directors meets three thousand miles away, and whose president has no more interest in its success than he has in the success of any other one among a hundred towns a long his lines.

A CHINESE DUE-BILL.

Judge Benson, of the superior court, was called upon recently to enter judgment by default in a suit on a genuine Chinese promissory note case, says the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*. The plaintiffs in the suit were Toy Sam and Tung Gar Yep, and the defendant was Leung Sue, alias Lung Yee Sun. The latter was indebted to the plaintiffs in a sum exceeding \$900, and gave a note or due-bill for \$500 in full settlement. He did not pay the note when due, and Judge Benson gave judgment for \$900 against him.

The following is a translation of the note or



ELECTRIC PEAK, YELLOWSTONE PARK—IT HAS AN ALTITUDE OF 11,155 FEET, AND IS THE GIANT MOUNTAIN OF ALL THAT REGION.

politics, for there appears to be nothing in history to justify it. The line between Russian America and British America was never a matter of dispute while Russia held Alaska, and it would not be now were it not for the great interest Canada has in securing an Alaskan port since the gold discoveries in the Yukon Valley.

THE Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger* publishes an interesting account of the origin and operations of the Tacoma Land Company, which owned the site of that city, sold the lots, and labored to build up the place. Tacoma was selected as the Pacific terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad by a committee of the board of directors composed of Messrs. Wright, Cheney, and Billings, who went out from New York by the Isthmus route, and spend some time looking up and down the shores of Puget Sound for the best location. They were no doubt influenced

long time without any rail connection with the East, served to spur its citizens to greater efforts to keep their town in the lead of all Puget Sound ports. Their energy and enterprise were remarkable, and their habit of pulling together was highly praiseworthy. They induced the Great Northern to make its terminus at their wharves, after it had coquetted with Fairhaven for a year or two, and a little later they persuaded the Canadian Pacific to run its overland trains into their city. So it turned out that while Tacoma was resting secure in the possession of the advantages of being the terminus of one transcontinental railroad, Seattle became the terminus of three; for the Northern Pacific could not afford to neglect the trade of the largest city on the Sound, and soon built a branch to Seattle, which gave it all the terminal advantages of Tacoma. If any moral is taught by this story, it is that if a city is to be

due-bill, as set out in the plaintiff's complaint:

"San Francisco, July 22, 1894.

"Due-bill given by Leung Sue on account Guoy Moy, owing Chung Gar Yep and Toy Sam over \$900, and now Guoy Moy and Leung Sue asks Chung Gar Yep and Toy Sam both mean to reduce principal and interest. Then Chung Gar Yep and Toy Sam willing to take \$500 in full settlement. This money should be paid by Leung Sue at the twelfth month of this year. The \$500 must be paid in full without grace. If the time is over Leung Sue cannot pay in full, then have to pay 1 1/2 per cent per month interest. By mouth is no proof. I give this due-bill to Chung Sue Yep and Toy Sam to keep as proof.

"Signed note man Leung Sue by my own hand.

"Witness.

TOY NG.

"Tuong Sue, twentieth year sixth month, twenty-second day."



In Hamlin Garland's "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," critical readers will find much to discuss. No one will deny that the story is interesting, but many there are who will wish that Mr. Garland had given it a setting that smacks less of barnyards and wabbling morality. The atmosphere of the book is so thick with unwholesome odors, so permeated with coloring that taints and with a philosophy that vitiates, that one's enjoyment of it is tinged with regret. It is a powerful novel, yes; but it is not a healthful product. This is not a criticism born of prudishness; it is justified by the author's story. In dealing with love, ambition, and the human passions, it is neither necessary nor artistic to found one's tale upon realism that disgusts the senses and leaves the reader vainly attempting to rid his literary palate of a bad flavor. Mr. Garland's picture of a country girl—a girl of strong mental and of superb physical endowments—holds the eye and wins upon one's admiration. He traces the various stages of her development with skillful pen, and he introduces new interest when he leads her to a Wisconsin university. He portrays vividly the mental evolution of the girl's mind—her discontent with the old farm and its associations—her aspirations for something better—aspirations which always prove stronger than her affections; and when at last she goes to Chicago and is brought in contact with a coterie of more or less cultivated intellects—all kindly, but all more or less *blase*, the picture gains in interest, perhaps, but leaves one still wishing that a powerful lake breeze would waft from the story its pungent odor.—The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Thomas Taylor, who for twenty-five years was the microscopist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has recently completed an admirable work on the "Mushrooms of America, Edible and Poisonous," which makes a large volume and is handsomely illustrated with thirty-eight pages of plates in colors. Mr. Taylor regards mushrooms as a healthful and nourishing article of food which ought to come into common use, but which lacks general appreciation solely because of the inability of the people to distinguish the good from the poisonous varieties. This knowledge he imparts so plainly in his book, that it becomes as easy for the reader to distinguish at sight the two kinds as to tell a potato from a turnip. The chapters on the structural characteristics of the different families—those relating to the toxic qualities and poisonous alkaloids of mushrooms, to mushroom poisoning and remedies therefor, and to receipts for cooking mushrooms, and suggestions for their cultivation, are especially practical. Edible mushrooms can be found in almost any locality, and they can be raised in any dimly-lighted cellar with very little trouble. The book, sold for \$3, is published by A. R. Taylor, 238 Massachusetts Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. It ought to be in every public library.

It is with no passing interest that we scan the modest pages of "In Cloisters Dim," a little book of poems by Charles Curtz Hahn, who is one of the editors of the *World-Herald*, of Omaha. The author has been an earnest toiler in the newspaper field many years, and for many years he has sought an ideal in literature that should make life purer and the world better. We have known somewhat of his work—

known his aspirations, and respect has followed all that he has done. These little poems, full of grace and beauty—permeated with Christian zeal and religious purity, are worthy of a place beside the best devotional verse of the age. Mentally, morally, spiritually, they are refined, helpful, uplifting. A striking example of this is shown in the following:

"The peace of God has come to me at last!
At peace, I kneel before the sacred throne.
At peace, at last! Through stormy days I've passed;
But through the storm I've come upon my own.

"My own? Yes, yes. For peace is mine, and peace
Is all that God gives unto man. Oh, peace
Of God! Thrice blessed does it come to one
Who for long years from sin has sought release.

"The peace of God has come to me at last!
Within these convent walls of rough-hewn stone
I'll live. No thought of earth or what I've left
Shall thrill my soul. I walk with God alone."

The hand that traced those lines, wrote for the whole brotherhood of man.—Berkley Bros., Omaha, Neb. Price, fifty cents.

Miss Florence Augusta Jones, a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the country, resides in Iowa Falls, Iowa, the home of a number of ladies and gentlemen whose pens have lifted them into various degrees of prominence. Miss Jones was a very precocious mortal. When she was only eight years of age she began writing poetry, and she has kept on writing poetry and prose ever since. Step by step have her sweet verses won their way in



FLORENCE A. JONES.

the estimation of the public, until now an appreciative welcome is assured whenever they appear. A good deal of her work has been published in this magazine, but she has also been an esteemed contributor to many other high-class publications, including the *Symposium* and *The Midland*. A number of her song poems have been set to music, and they are now as well known as they are popular.

Miss Jones possesses a pleasing personality. She is tall and fair, has soft, dark, luxuriant auburn hair, full of natural waves; and her large gray eyes are faithful reflectors of a cultivated intellect and generous heart. No work is done lightly by her; through all her lines run thought and feeling. Look at this little poem, entitled "Across the Bay:"

I gaze across the rippling, shining bay,
And watch the distant boat with eager eye;
I wonder why the sails so far away
Are whiter than the sails I see near by?

Far out, the water glistens in the sun
With dazzling beauty, as the daylight dies;
The water near the shore is dull and dark—
So full of shadows, and of sad, drowned eyes.

This is life's story, from the first to last.
'Tis far-off things for which we ever pray;
The beauty that lies 'round us we see not,
But gaze, with longing eyes, across the bay.

Those are sweet lines—strong, too, and full of truth and beauty. Equally meritorious are the following verses from her "Serenade:"

Heart of my heart, draw near!
Lift up thy lips to mine,
Lips whose red, like a scarlet thread,
Curves with a tender line.

Heart of my heart, bend low!
Why dost thou tremble, sweet?
Love is bold, and the story old
Maketh two lives complete.

Heart of my heart! Ah, yes,
Heart of my heart for aye;
Tho' stars grow old, love will unfold
Us ever and a day!

It is with pleasure that we present Miss Jones' portrait to our readers. It is that of a thoughtful, earnest worker—a woman who has gained an honorable position among leading Western litterateurs.

Winston Churchill's latest novel, "Richard Carvel," is one of the most deservedly successful books of the period. It is a story of the days of the Revolution, in which colonial life in Annapolis and Boston is painted with so free and so masterful a hand that one can grasp it like the present. The tale is told in the leisurely fashion that characterized those times, yet it lacks nothing of movement and dramatic action. Mr. Churchill's "The Celebrity" was a distinct literary success, and now "Richard Carvel" comes as if to assure the public that its author's reserve powers are in no way impaired. "Richard Carvel" is in truth a romance. It was a skillful hand that sketched so vivid a description of the Revolutionary period—of Whig and Tory sentiment—of stirring times at sea, and of life and love among the lords and masterminds of old England. It reads slowly, yet one turns the last leaf regretfully. The book is now in its eighth edition, and it is destined to meet with a still greater future demand.—The Macmillan Company, New York.

The new Legislative Manual of the State of Minnesota, compiled by George E. Hallberg under the supervision of Secretary of State Albert Berg, is the largest and most complete manual ever issued by the State department. Containing, as it does, the names of all State officials, past and present, together with the added feature of Minnesota men in Federal positions, and the names of county officials, it is a very useful book of reference as well as a concise history of the State and its various institutions.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

When love, in passing, touches you,
The world is bright.
New charms in nature come to view—
A heaven-born sight
Is yours, and you descry
Fresh beauties grow in earth and sky,
When love is yours.

You wonder that you've been so blind
As not to see
The joy in life that now you find.
And can it be
That love has found me to this end?
You'll find it even so, my friend,
When love is yours.

Westlake, Ill.

J. B. RICE.

THE SILVER MOON.

The silver moon is a silver boat,
A-sailing on a sapphire sea;
If you and I might in it float,
How fair the world would seem to me!

Rock Elm, Wis.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

TOLD IN THE WEST.

THE CLERK WAS DAZED.

She has recently removed here from the East, remarks the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*, and one of the things that worries the young housewife is the fact that she receives no pennies in change from the corner grocer. She is puzzled by the system that takes two off or adds two on and makes everything come out to the even nickel. She is positive that she gets buncoed several times a day; so one day last week she sprung one on the grocer's clerk that fairly paralyzed him, and made him feel like a pair of deuces in a jack-pot.

"How much are these radishes?" she softly inquired, as she sorted out the finest ones, and laid them on top. "A penny a bunch," answered the clerk in his politest way.

"Well, I want three bunches," answered the lady.

"That will be five cents."

"That's so," she answered. You don't give pennies in change, do you?"

"No madam; we have no pennies," said the clerk.

"You either drop or add two cents, to make the change even, do you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then," answered the young woman, "just give me

seven bunches; and here's your nickel."

The clerk did up the package in a dazed sort of way, and reported the matter to the proprietor. There was a consultation after the doors closed in the evening, but just how to deal with this phase of a new commercial problem is still unsolved.

OUT IN MONTANA.

Our story opens in Broadwater County, Mont. Doc Pembroke, the possessor of a pair of promising colts, started to drive them to town. In the distance appeared a lone bicyclist. Doc's horse being afraid of this latter-day invention, he halted and requested the cyclist to dismount until he could drive past. The cyclist refused, and scared Pembroke's horses into seven kinds of fits, causing them to run away and become tangled up in a wire fence which was waiting a few rods away to receive them.

Doc, in the meanwhile, had been thrown to earth, and, without any preliminary discussion relative to the motion, he caught the cyclist by the nape of the neck and proceeded to wipe up a large section of Broadwater County with his limp, saggy form.

The cyclist proceeded on his way, sore in mind and body, but, soon finding an abode along the roadside, he made bold to enter and relate his tale of woe. He asked for succor in the shape of liniment and eatables, and was quickly supplied by the sympathetic women of the household, who, upon learning that he was a minister of the gospel, almost shed tears at his recital. They denounced the brute who did him so grievous a wrong, in unmeasured terms.

While thus engaged a team drove into the yard.

"Ah, there is the despicable wretch!" exclaimed the preacher. "There is the ungodly son of Belial; there is the inhuman monster!"

"Why, that's paw!" exclaimed the oldest girl; "and if you don't mosey out of here before I can say scat, I'll take a fall outen you myself, you sneakin', low down son of a gun!"—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

TOLD IN TACOMA.

An Irishman named O'Flaherty died and approached St. Peter's gate. The wicket was raised and the name demanded.

"James O'Flaherty, sir."

"How do you spell it?"

"With an O and an F, sir."

St. Peter fails to find it on the register, and so notifies O'Flaherty.

"That's strange, for I had it all fixed with the father, and came straight along. Please look again."

St. Peter looks more carefully, and finds it, bids O'Flaherty enter, tells him to fit himself out with a crown, and shows him where they are. O'Flaherty finds one to suit. St. Peter then tells him to pick out a harp, and get into the chorus. O'Flaherty looks over the stack of harps, and wants to know if that is the only kind St. Peter has. Upon being told that there is only one style, he takes off his crown, hands it to St. Peter, and says:

"Begorra, sir, O'll go to hell before O'll play on wan of thim Dago harps."—*Tacoma (Wash.) West Coast Lumberman*.



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SPARE-MOMENTS.

Hints for Mending Table-Linen.

A very fashionable matron who is as well known for her excellent housekeeping qualities as for her splendid entertainments, mends the breaks in her exquisite table-linen with flax embroidery cotton, of a number to correspond with the fineness of the cloth. Under the edges of the tear she bastes a piece of stiff paper, and makes a network of fine stitches back and forth, carrying the stitches about an inch beyond the edges of the rent. Thin places, and breaks in linen may be run with the flax or linen-embroidery floss, and towels should be mended in the same way as soon as a break appears.

The Child's Sleeping Position.

It is not desirable to lay a baby on its back when sleep is wished for. Either one side or the other is best; and, if possible, it is well to accustom it first to one side and then the other, as this obviates falling into the habit of being able to sleep only on one side. But a child who is wide-awake, and of a happy disposition, so that it lies cooling to itself and watching the mysteries of its own ten fingers, is all the better for being laid on its back, as the spine is thereby kept straight and unstrained, and growth goes on apace, just as it does when a growing boy or girl is compelled, from accident, to spend a few weeks in a recumbent position, and finds, when allowed to get up, that none of its clothes are long enough.

Out of Date Jewelry.

"By the way," said a fashion oracle, "bring forth now all your old-fashioned jewelry, for it is decidedly to the fore, and old boxes and jewel cases have been ransacked with the hope of bringing to light long-forgotten treasures.

"Heavy gold-jointed bracelets are, for instance, turned into clasps for opera-cloaks, and very handsome they look. The smaller ones are used on traveling capes. Old-fashioned lockets are allowed to dangle at the end of gold chains, or are being converted into match-boxes, to be worn on a chatelaine. The inside of the locket may be taken out, and a small bar of gold be inserted to keep the matches in place. Tops of ear-rings make buttons for night-dresses, and the longer drops make pretty safety-pins for camisoles."


The Disease of Food Fear.

Of all the emotions, fear is the most deadly, and, whether in the supreme degree, where it turns the hair white, or in the minor degree, where it invests every apple with stomach-ache, the disease of "food fear" is not to be treated lightly, for it is both wide-spread and deep-seated.

It has spoiled life's comfort for many, and, unchecked, will spoil it for many more. Intelligence surely points to accepting all natural food as "good." We should divest them in our minds of any adverse reputation they may have, and then test them confidently on their own merits—not once, but many times.

If, possibly, some personal idiosyncrasy interferes with toleration of an article, we should yield to it grudgingly only after determined resistance; for does it not seem a logical necessity that the stomach, like all other organs of the body, is weakened by inaction and strengthened by proper exercise?

A personal idiosyncrasy counts for more than all the dietary arguments in the world, and we all of us prove the truth of this every day we live.—*Woman's Home Companion.*




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 next day.

Boston 7:00 p. m.
 next day.



The Oshkosh & Stevens Point Electric Railway Company has been incorporated, with \$150,000 capital stock, to build an air-line road between those points. Work will be started at once.

Milwaukee's new city directory contains 107,000 names, indicating a population of about 285,000, and a growth of about 7,500 inhabitants within a year.

Stanley is enjoying a big building boom this summer—as many as thirty residences and nearly a dozen store buildings now being in course of construction.

The new canning factory at Baraboo has been completed and accepted by the Gem City Canning Company. The plant includes all the most improved machinery, and costs \$10,000. It has a capacity for turning out 10,000 cans of corn or tomatoes a day. Fifty to 125 persons will be employed during the season.

Clear and drying weather has helped Wisconsin cranberry marshes that were flooded by the late rains, and a conservative opinion reduces the damage inflicted to less than ten per cent. Never has planting been done under better conditions than those afforded by the present season, and the industry bids fair in the next year to resume its former importance.

The Milwaukee Journal claims that the Cream City is the second flour-milling center in the United States, being surpassed only by Minneapolis. The Superior Inland Ocean begs leave to differ with the Journal. According to the Journal's own statement the output of Milwaukee's mills in 1898 was 1,741,347 barrels, while that of the Superior mills was 2,459,975 barrels, a difference in favor of Superior of 718,628 barrels.

The statement of the insurance map agent that 500 buildings have been erected in Superior in the past eighteen months may appear doubtful to some, the Superior Telegram says, but one has only to count the improvements to be seen from his own doorway to realize that the estimate is not far wrong. It is safe to say that today there are fifty residences in course of construction in the city, and about that number have been built each month since March. The East End, South End, and Steel Plant divisions are dotted with new houses, and everybody knows what has been done at the West End. It sounds like a boom-day statement, but the five hundred figure is near the truth.

Minnesota.

It is said that the great Peavey grain and elevator company has let the contract for its new elevator system on Rice's Point at the head of the lakes. There will be a working-house of 1,400,000 bushels capacity, and two storage-houses of 1,700,000 bushels each.

Minnesota holds second rank in the iron industry for 1898, having produced 5,963,509 long tons of raw material, against Michigan's 7,346,846. Prospecting and development work everywhere on the iron ranges of Minnesota are now more active than ever before.

The beet-sugar factory at St. Louis Park, near Minneapolis, will probably enter upon its new run about Sept. 1. There are about 4,000 acres of sugar-beets in the State this year, and the factory product is expected to reach 40,000 net tons, against 11,000 net tons last year.

The Citizens' Bank of Ortonville, which was organized in that town last October, has prospered to such an extent, on account of local growth and the wonderful development of the surrounding country, that it is now said to be the largest and strongest bank in Western Minnesota.

Estimates of the present season's cut of the mills on deep water at the head of the lakes vary from 350,000,000 to 400,000,000 feet, or about 100,000,000 feet more than the cut of last year. It could easily be made 100,000,000 beyond that figure without depressing the market or creating any embarrassing surplus.

The advance made in the rafting of logs in rough water is well illustrated in the work done on Lake Superior in bringing logs to the Duluth mills. The Alger-Smith Lumber Company has just landed at Duluth the second five-million-foot raft of pine logs this

season, the logs having been towed from the Canada shore, 180 miles from Duluth. From neither of these rafts was a log lost, though the first one encountered rough weather.

The exchange editor of any newspaper who peruses carefully the columns of the local papers of the State will tell you that there never was a period when there were fewer mortgages given or more released than at the present time. It will also tell you that there are more real estate transfers being made, and that the prices paid are better than for many years.—*Grand Meadow (Minn.) Record.*

The Northfield (Minn.) News says that the improvements noticeable in the cities and rural districts of Minnesota this year far surpass all previous records. The lumbermen of the Northwest are especially happy, this being one of the most active seasons in their line for many years; and prospects of fine crops promise active building operations in the fall.

A noticeable feature of the improvements that have been made in St. Paul during the past six months is the substantial character of the buildings erected. There are but few cities in the country where the average value of the new structures are as great as in St. Paul. There were 542 permits issued during the six months, in St. Paul, for buildings costing \$797,538, or an average of nearly \$1,500 for each building. In Louisville, Ky., \$791,527 was expended on 2,363 buildings, or an average of less than \$350 for each structure.

North Dakota.

The North Dakota State Fair will be held at Mandan September 26-7-8-9.

Fargo is doing a large amount of street-paving this year, over 125 men being employed constantly in this work alone.

The receipts of the Bismarck land-office for the year ending June 30 were \$27,501.68, while 234,414 acres of land were disposed of.

The building record in Wimbledon for June is reported to be an elevator, mill, flour and feed store, livery-stable, dry-goods and grocery store, and a jewelry store.

Fargo and Grand Forks are each to have a fine new telephone building to accommodate the rapidly growing business of the Northwestern Telephone Company.

Herbert Krall, of London, a member of the French-Hicks Flax Fiber Company of that city, has been in the Red River Valley investigating the flax-fiber business in this country. He has finally determined to erect a tow-mill in Fargo, if the citizens donate a site.

The wonderful growth of our town is demonstrated by the fact that during the past two months eleven new buildings have been constructed, yet the sound of hammer and saw continue to be heard on every side. The balance-sheet of the railroad company for the month of June shows a business of \$6,190.44, or nearly double that of last year.—*Harlem Enterprise.*

The Dickinson Fire and Pressed Brick Works, of Dickinson, N. D., are kept busy supplying the demand for their products. This year's sales have averaged \$1,000 per week of fire brick alone. The output of pressed brick is half a million a month. The Dickinson brick are being used in Government work at Bismarck, and in many important public and private buildings.

The Mandan Pioneer says: "From the manner that real estate is being picked up all over this county and other parts of North Dakota, it is fair to assume that we are on the upgrade of prosperity. Real estate is usually the last thing to feel the influence of prosperity. While business has been improving a great deal all over the country in the last two years, the values of land have not been greatly affected thereby."

South Dakota.

A saddlery factory is promised Aberdeen, and a fine new hall is to be erected by the I. O. O. F. in Gettysburg.

New elevators are being constructed in Bridgewater, and at other towns in the grain districts, to accommodate the new crops.

It is reported that the Burlington Railway Company is about to establish a plant at Edgemont for the preservation of ties. It will cost about \$65,000.

General business shows marked improvement in nearly all towns in the State. New business houses are being erected in Armour, in Clear Lake, in Eureka, in Dell Rapids, in Howard, in Milbank, and in many other towns, all of which indicates good times locally as well as in stock and agricultural districts.

It is said that parties are about to put up a large hotel, good docks, and other facilities for converting Blue Lake, near Waubay, into a first-class summer resort.

It is said that the Milwaukee road is talking of extending its line through Charles Mix County, and that the Burlington has secured right of way from Hill City to Keystone, in the Black Hills.

Aberdeen's citizens have decided to erect another fine school-building. This is one of the most progressive towns in the State. It is always going ahead, always adding to its facilities, always keeping pace with its rapidly increasing wealth and population.

The Deadwood Pioneer-Times says: The D. & D. smelter of this city is treating a hundred tons of ore daily from the Golden Reward properties in the Bald Mountain region, this ore coming from the Isadorah and Ruby Belle. Harris Franklin, vice-president of the Golden Reward Consolidated Mining & Milling Company, states that the combined capacity of the two plants is 12,500 tons a month. The smelter has alone been treating about 8,500 tons of ore a month.

Montana.

Wool has brought as high as twenty and two and a half cents in the State this season—a bonanza for wool-growers.

Owners of the Excelsior mine, at Bannack, are said to have rejected an offer of \$111,000 for the property. Last year the lessees of that faithful old producer made a good thing out of it and proved that the ore body had not been exhausted. The company refused to lease the property, this year, and it is given out at Bannack that the owners intend to work it themselves.

Some exceedingly rich copper ore has been taken to Dillon by people from the upper end of the Big Hole Basin. It is the freely expressed opinion that some great copper mines will be opened up in that section within the next year or so. The evidences of extensive mineral deposits in that region are very abundant, and it presents an excellent field for the prospector.

Matt Dunn of Great Falls has sold his Yogosapphire interests for a sum which is said to exceed \$100,000. English capitalists are the investors. It must not be overlooked that P. T. Sweeney of Nelhart has heavy interests in the sapphire mines of Yogo, which will net him a handsome return when the business gets to working properly. The sapphires of Yogo are as good as any of the Oriental production, and their fame is finding a place in the front rank.—*Nelhart (Mont.) Herald.*

The output of copper in Montana, according to the report of the Geographical Survey, aggregated 200,173,157 pounds in the year 1898, as against 230,288,141 in 1897. The falling off was due to lack of production in the Butte District, but this bids fair to be eclipsed in the report of 1899. The demand for copper has become so great that new properties are being developed, and the yield for this year will far exceed that for last. Of the total output, Montana produces 39.2 per cent.

A discovery which promises to be valuable, and is most certainly interesting from a scientific point of view, has recently been made in East Kootenay, Washington. A peculiar, soft, white, earthy mineral was sent from that district lately by the finder, who thought it might be meerschbaum, but a short examination proved it to be alum, though not crystallized. The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that this deposit is remarkably free from those impurities which are so detrimental in the commercial article, and occasionally render it quite useless for some of the purposes to which it is applied in the arts and manufactures.—*Butte Western Mining World.*

Idaho.

Idaho's wool output for this year is estimated at 9,000,000 pounds.

The Cumberland mine, near Silver City, has been sold by O. G. Labaree to the Virtue Consolidated Gold Mining Company of Montreal. George Sonnemann and J. E. Branscombe, the Spokane men who owned the control of the mine, and W. T. McDonald, who is Mr. Labaree's representative, are authority for the statement that the price is \$1,000,000 cash.

Idaho has another Klondike, says the Spokane Chronicle. It is located on the Clearwater River, in what is known as the Cove Country, fifteen miles from Buffalo Hump. It is said to be one of the richest placer discoveries ever made in the State. After an hour's examination of the property, Mr. Leggett, for himself and other Butte, Mont., parties, bought the property on which the original discovery was made, paying \$60,000 in spot cash for it. The original owners are Grange.

ville and Mt. Idaho men. There are 100 acres in the claim sold. The ground is all very rich, but part of it averages \$4.25 a yard, and big money could be made by working it with the crudest of methods. The strike was made some time ago, but news of it has been suppressed until now.

Given adequate water supply, and hundreds of acres of orchards and vineyards will be planted on the mesa lands south of Lewiston, and every five-and-ten-acre tract will furnish some family with a home. The increase in the products of the section would soon be a hundred-fold. Here is a field for profitable investment that some enterprising capitalist could be induced to occupy.—*Lewiston (Id.) Teller.*

Articles of incorporation for a new railroad company has been filed at Boise. It is proposed to build a line from the mouth of the Boise River, in Canyon County, easterly along that stream seventeen miles to the mouth of Moore's Creek; thence east along the south fork of the Boise fifty-five miles to Pine Grove; northeast along the same fork thirty miles to the mouth of Little Smoky Creek, in Blaine County; northeast along Big Smoky Creek, fourteen miles to Vienna; north along Salmon River twenty-six miles to Red Fish lakes; thence sixteen miles to the mouth of Yankee Fork branch of the Salmon; east along the same river twenty miles to Clayton; northeast twenty-two miles to Challis; north fifty miles to Salmon City; northwest twenty-two miles to the mouth of the North Fork of the Salmon; northeast along the North Fork to Gibbonsville, Lemhi County, twelve miles; and northeast through that county twenty miles to the summit of the Rocky Mountains near the State line between Idaho and Montana. There are to be several

conditions. Favorable weather and absence of pests until the picking season begins in September, will result in sending out from Oregon the finest quality of hops raised in the United States. As to prices, hops in the bale are being contracted for at twelve to thirteen cents a pound, with more buyers than sellers. This means a profit of \$60 per acre to the grower.

Wheat shipments from Portland for the season of 1898-99 amounted to 15,985,282 bushels. From Tacoma and Seattle, 9,855,968 bushels were shipped during the season, making a total for the States of Oregon and Washington of 25,841,250. The Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review* thinks that this is a very fair showing for a section of country which Daniel Webster once said was not worth having and which ought not to be a part of the Union.

Washington.

Washington has 14,462,582 acres of unappropriated lands and 11,141,545 acres of land reserved from settlement.

On July 15 the Republic mine in the Colville Reservation District paid its eighth dividend, the total now amounting to \$260,000.

A fire-proof building of iron, stone, and terra cotta, to cost \$100,000, is among the latest improvements in Spokane, where fine structures are by no means uncommon.

Work has been started on the new building for Whitman College in Walla Walla. The main building will be 60x160 in dimensions, and three and a half stories high, probably of Tenino stone, with thirteen

Palouse Country. Judging from the supplies of machinery in stock, and preparations to meet the harvest demand, she still means to hold first place.—*Garfield Enterprise.*

The business transacted in the Walla Walla land office during the month of June was greater than during any month since 1891. The report shows that there were fifty-five homestead entries, aggregating 8,239.58 acres; seven timber cultures, aggregating 1,040 acres; excess purchases amounting to 542.47 acres; 120 acres of desert land entered; and sixteen final homestead proofs, aggregating 2,206.5 acres.

Canadian Northwest.

The shipments from Rossland camp for the first six months of the year total 64,629 tons as against 38,877 tons for the same period of 1898, an increase of 25,752 in the six months.

A daily postal-service is now established between Medicine Hat, through the Crow's Nest Pass, to Kootenay Landing. A closed baggage-car is attached to trains, which carry mails every day except Sunday.

Twelve months ago a telephone exchange in Cascade would have been considered out of the question for several years to come. Such an institution is now assured in a few weeks. As Br'er Johnsing remarked: "The world do move."—*The Cascade (B. C.) Record.*

The annual report of the Hudson Bay Company for the year ending May 31, shows a profit of £125,595, 9s. 11d., as compared with £20,373, 7s. 9d. last year. This improved condition is due to the increase in the price of furs; to increased profit on general business owing to

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branches, as follows: From a point on the main line near the mouth of North or Middle Fork of Boise River, to Atlanta, forty miles; from near the mouth of Yankee Fork of the Salmon, north twenty miles to Custer City; from Challis southeast to Houston, forty miles, making the total length of the main line and branches about 404 miles. Thomas W. Bates, of Weiser, Idaho, is the principal projector.

Oregon.

Agitation for a creamery has begun in Baker City.

A grain elevator of a capacity of 60,000 bushels is being built at Seilo.

There are at least a dozen new business buildings in course of construction in Baker City.

The reports from the banks of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest show a very large aggregate of money on deposit—over \$10,000,000 in Oregon, and about \$23,000,000 in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

The crop of hops this year in Oregon will be normal, according to competent observers, and if favorable conditions continue the yield should reach 80,000 bales, which will be an increase of 15,000 bales over last year's production. The demand is steady, and prices will be high enough to give a good profit per acre to the raiser. Reports from Marion and Washington counties indicate that their record as the best hop-producing regions in the State will be maintained. The quality of this year's yield will be determined by subsequent

recitation rooms, laboratories, etc. It will cost \$50,000. The boys' dormitory, 40x120 feet in dimensions, will be constructed of brick.

It is reported that Blaine will soon have a fertilizing factory that will use all the offal from her five canneries. Work of construction will soon commence.

In the city of Seattle 733 building permits were issued from the office of the city engineer for the first five months of 1899, as against 370 permits for the corresponding period last year.

The Spokane & British Columbia Telephone Company announces that it will parallel all lines in the territory tributary to Spokane, and that it will establish a complete exchange in Spokane.

A new town is now being built at the foot of Anarchist Mountain in the Myers Creek District of the Colville Reservation. It is called Bolster, and it is only one mile from the British Columbia line. That country is very rich in gold-bearing ores.

The building boom at Republic is still on. The burned district is practically rebuilt, and there are at least ten more buildings than before the fire. It appears that the fire spurred up the laggards. As a rule, the buildings are larger and better than those destroyed.

Garfield has for several years enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best, if not the best, points of supply for farm machinery and harvesting supplies in the

late Klondike rush and improved conditions of trade; and to larger receipts from the sale of lands, due to the increase in immigration.

A rare metal known as nagayagite, composed of tellurium, lead, and gold, has been found at Triple Lake camp on Canyon Creek, near Greenwood, B. C.

The customs collection at the port of Winnipeg for June, 1899, in dutiable imports, amounted to \$109,731.56, as compared with \$79,694.26 for the same month last year. The total collections for the year ending June 30 were \$1,140,005.96, as against \$907,051.24 for the previous year, showing an increase of \$233,001.72.

During the month of June 10,000 tons of coal and 2,000 tons of coke were shipped from Fernie by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company. Two mines on Coal Creek, near Fernie, are being worked, and 400 men are employed. The company expects to ship 1,000 tons a day by December. Another mine is being opened at Michel. In three months 400 coke ovens will be in operation.

The Philadelphia Mining Company has bought land near the Butte mills, six miles below Rossland, B. C. on the Northport road, and is engaged in building a fifty-ton concentrator. The distance from the concentrator to the mine is less than two miles. Three carloads of machinery have been ordered and are expected by the time the buildings are ready to receive it. It is claimed by the owner of the mine, the Mountain Trail, that they have an abundance of concentrating ore.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ALASKA'S FISH INDUSTRY.—The fishing industry of Southeastern Alaska is expanding to almost a greater extent than in any other part of the country, and the operators have just added Germany to the list of countries reckoned among their customers, and will shortly add Japan, says the the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*.

INVENTED THE KODAK.—It is not generally known that a North Dakota man, D. H. Houston, of Hunter, was the inventor of the kodak, the name being taken from the first two syllables of the word Dakota, transposed. Mr. Houston sold his invention to the Eastman people, and now receives an average income of \$375 a month from them as royalty.

A MULE'S SUICIDE.—A curious thing happened near Starbuck, Wash., the other day. A mule belonging to a contractor was bitten on the jaw by a rattlesnake. The jaw swelled terribly, so that he could not eat. He stood it for two days, then deliberately committed suicide. He walked out in the Snake River to the depth of his breast, lay down, and was carried away without even a kick.

A MONSTER ROSE-BUSH.—A crimson Rambler rose-bush which contains 9,600 blooms is the remarkable feature of the garden at the home of John Parry, in Portland, Ore. Last year the bush was considered a wonder, but then the blooms numbered only 6,500. Every day hundreds of people visit Mr. Parry's place and admire the bush, which its owner displays with great pride. Each cluster of the roses is a bouquet in itself. The bush is ten feet in height.

WISCONSIN'S WILD MAN.—A wild man was captured in the woods forty miles north of Chippewa Falls, Wis., recently, and was placed in the county jail. He is about seventy years of age, and has lost nearly all semblance to a human being. His hair and beard are about a foot long, and his clothes consist of a solitary gunny-sack, wrapped around his body, and a pair of overalls and a coonskin cap. Many persons went to the jail to gaze upon him. It is impossible to hold conversation with him, as he has lost all knowledge of speech, and is undoubtedly an imbecile. From appearance he has lived the life of a hermit in the wilderness for many years.

Excursion to Boston via the Wabash—\$19 Round Trip from Chicago.

The Wabash road will sell excursion tickets Aug. 11 and 12 at one fare for the round trip from Chicago. Are you interested? Send a postal card to the undersigned for maps, time-tables and full particulars. F. A. Palmer, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Wabash Railroad, 97 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

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N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Tp. 124, Rg. 68—160 acres.

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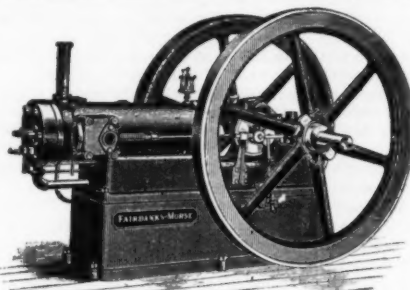
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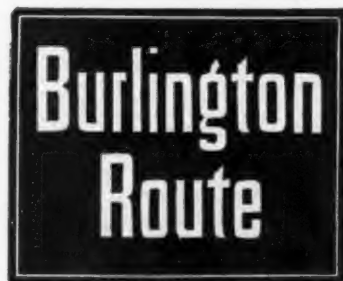
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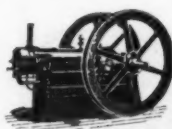
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AN OFF DAY FOR THE OLD MAN.

One day a Baker City, Ore., young man was standing on a street corner, smoking a cigar, when he was approached by an old man who asked how many of those weeds he smoked in a day.

"Three," he replied.

"How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents each," confessed the young man.

"Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you should save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you could own that brick building on the corner?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the old man, regretfully.

"Well, I do," said the young man, walking into the big store puffing his cigar.—*Moscow (Id.) Mirror.*

A RADICAL LIQUOR CURE.

There are liquor cures and cures for the liquor habit, but there is a man in Minneapolis who hasn't touched a drop for years, although at one time he was known as a heavy drinker, observes the *Minneapolis Tribune*. His remarkable cure was effected in one short night,

for some years there was an undertaking establishment just across the alley from the police station. In the rear room were marble slabs, upon which the coroner's cases were laid, there being no county morgue at the time. A plain board coffin was kept in the room, in which the bodies of those who had met violent deaths were taken to this improvised morgue.

It was a hot summer night when Jones lay down in that notorious alley to sleep off the effects of his evening's debauch. The rear door of the undertaking-rooms was open, and in plain sight lay the coffin, while on two of the slabs were two unfortunate people who had met untimely deaths.

Someone saw Jones—asleep and drunk. No one is willing to tell who conceived the joke which ended in Jones' reformation, but at any rate the limp form of the drunken man was lifted up and carried into the morgue. He was laid on the floor; but there was not a sign of life except that drunken snore, which bid fair to bring the dead to life. It was only a minute until the coffin-lid was off and poor Jones was given a resting-place in the plain, pine receptacle for dead people. The lid was placed loosely, and in such a way as to give the occupant of the box plenty of fresh air.

And Jones didn't know what they were doing to him. He slept on in blissful ignorance.

What happened? Well, something dropped when the intoxicated man came to his senses an hour or two after. Wouldn't it frighten any man to wake up in a dead-room between two corpses, when he was drinking with his friends at the time his memory stopped?

When Jones came to life, he naturally pushed off the lid, and then sat upright in the coffin. But he didn't sit there long, for with one mighty leap, and a



A SOFT ANSWER.

Mrs. Spatts—"Good heavens! look at this room. Ashes on the carpet, table littered up, and you too lazy to lift a finger. Silas Spatts, if I had it to do over again I wouldn't marry the best man on earth!"

Mr. Spatts—"Oh, come down, Belindy! come off your perch. You know very well that I wouldn't ask you again—he, he, he!"

and the way it occurred is a matter of common talk in the neighborhood of the central police station; for it was in that vicinity that he received a lesson which will never be forgotten, by him at least.

His name is not Jones, but he will be thus known in this story. The night Mr. Jones went through his hair-raising experience he had been out with some convivial companions, and the entire party had not spared good whisky, bock beer, port wine, and other drinks in popular favor. The evening wore on, and it began to grow late. By this time Jones and his friends were staggering under a heavy burden of intoxicants. They finally left the grog-shop, and started for home. At least that was their intention, but none of the party knew in which direction home lay.

An hour later Jones could have been found sleeping and snoring soundly in Lockup Alley. He had lost his friends; or, if you prefer it, his friends had lost him. In his bewildered state he had wandered until he finally found a soft spot on the dirty cedar blocks of that much frequented highway. There he contentedly lay himself down to sleep, and was as happy as if he had been in his little feather-bed at home.

To understand this story, it must be recalled that

fearful yell, he cleared the room and went up the alley like a man bewitched. Do you blame him? He was having a social glass with his friends, when he fell asleep. And there he was in that ghastly and gloomy room, with those cold-looking slabs in front of him, and two cold corpses, covered with grewsome-looking white sheets, right before his eyes. Worst of all, he was in a coffin! How did he get there? Whose coffin was it? These and a hundred other questions, shot through his mind in a second.

He was too busy to answer these queries, but he did know that it was an awful experience, which he was sure he would never forget.

The practical jokers didn't know what a favor they had done Mr. Jones, for he has remained as sober as a judge from that day to this.

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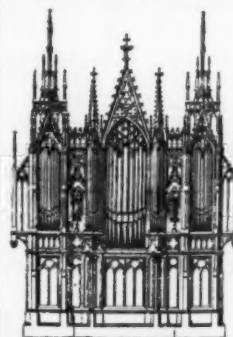
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THE DISTRIBUTION OF GOLD.

The recent discovery of gold near Cape Nome, in Alaska, throws some interesting light on the distribution of gold in that Arctic region. At the time the Klondike first gained prominence as a mining-field of great possibilities, it was thought that the gold-fields would extend northerly or in a northwesterly direction, says the *Mining and Scientific Press*.

Looking at a map of British Columbia, Northwest Territory, and Alaska, some very interesting facts are observable. The mineral belt extending northward from California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana passes in a northwesterly direction into and through British Columbia toward the Northwest Territory; but it is noticeable that, as it passes northward, it bends constantly to the westward, passing through Cariboo, Cassiar, and on to the Klondike region, where its trend is well to the westward. Still westward, it passes through the Circle City region, beyond which it appears to strike nearly due west toward Cape Nome.

It should be remembered that there are numerous gold discoveries lying outside of the belt described, but thus far none of them has proved important, unless the Atkin Lake Country be excepted, and that is as yet undeveloped. These facts are of interest, but Alaska is yet too superficially developed and too little known to make it safe to lay down arbitrary lines. To the northwestward of Klondike, where it was formerly presumed the gold belt would be found to extend, very little gold has been found. I. C. Russell, for the United States Geographical Survey, made an investigation of considerable territory in that region, and does not report having observed gold anywhere. The development of the newly-found field will be watched with unusual interest.

ROMANTIC EQUINE HISTORY.

The story of the Western bronco reads a good deal like a romance. When Columbus discovered the New World there were, it is said, no horses in all its length and breadth—save the prehistoric horse, a small animal scarcely as large as a Shetland pony.

The history of the American horse really dates from the arrival of Cortez and his band of Spanish adventurers upon the shores of Mexico. It is no exaggeration to say that the unusual sight of a man on horseback, appearing to the superstitious natives as one animal, contributed much to the success of Cortez and his little army of conquerors. A number of these horses of the Spanish invaders, noble animals through whose veins ran the blood of the fiery Arab steed, celebrated in song and story, escaped from their owners and ran off into the heart of the country. Through two centuries of practical immunity from the encroachments of human beings, these animals multiplied and flourished. They wandered through the wilds of California, Texas, Colorado, Washington, Utah, Oregon, and other mountain districts, where the several droves assumed distinct individualities through climatic influences.

The California species, which subsequently became known as the mustang, was larger than the Texas bronco. In the mountain districts was found the spotted horse, or cayuse. Even to this day there are still to be found in some portions of the far west droves of these wild horses that have never felt the bit between their teeth, nor the saddle upon their backs.

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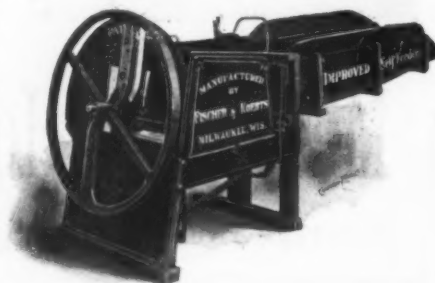
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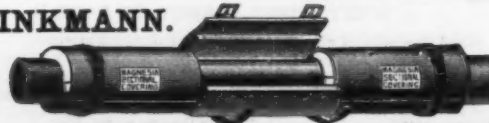
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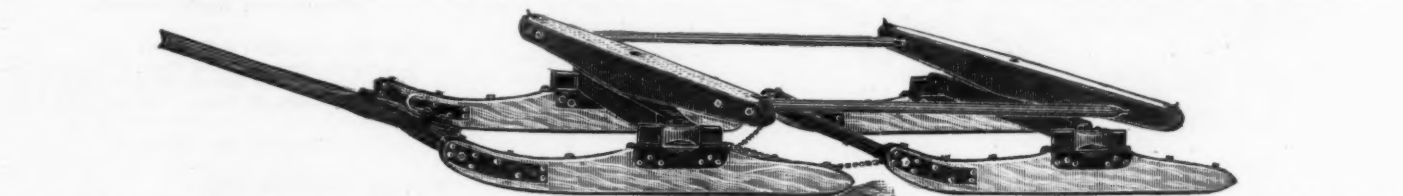
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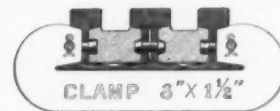
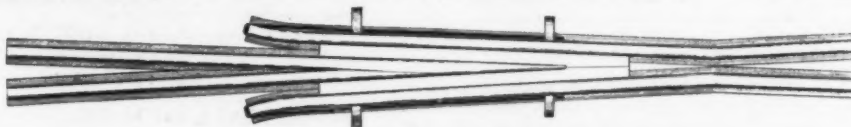
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"Say, Chimmie, catch on to de smell; dat guy's carryin' dead letters 'round."

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Young Rastus—"Pap, what is de National bird?"
Rastus Sr.—"De chicken, my chile; de chicken, ob cours'."

"Bredren," said the bicycle parson, "guide youah spiritual bikes in dis yere wo'l so dat you all won't scorch in de nex'."

"Jane, did you break the china plate?"
"Yes'm. You got taken in with that plate, mum. It's a weak 'un. It broke the fourth time I dropped it."



DOUBTFUL CONDOLENCE.

Professor De Lancy—"Monsieur, I haf ze one lo-n-g re-g-r-et that I ever married your daughter."

Judge Ketchum—"My dear, dear boy, that is all right. I sympathize with you, indeed I do; I married her mother."

What is the difference between the death of a barber and a sculptor?

One curls up and dyes and the other makes faces and busts.

Mattie—"I want you to know that I don't stand on trifles."

Hele (glancing at her feet)—"No, dear; I see you don't."

She—"How do you suppose the armless man makes love?"

He—"Oh, he does things in an off-hand way, you know."

Charlie—"Has the State's attorney any new evidence against the sausage trust?"

Tom—"No, but he's following them up with dogged persistency."

"I should like to be a great dramatic star," said the typewriter boarder.

"So should I," said the Ready Wit, "if I only knew how to planet."

Mr. Sealove (at his seaside cottage)—"My dear, tell our daughter to sing something less doleful."

Mrs. Sealove—"That is not daughter, my love. That is the foghorn."

A very pretty Sunday-school song is the one entitled, "Put Your Armor On, My Boys." There is, however,

a young lady who doesn't like to hear it. She says it sounds like, "Put your arm around me, boys."—*Fargo Forum.*

Mistress (to Norah)—"What must be the condition of a person in order to be buried in consecrated ground?"

Norah (in great surprise)—"Dead, mum, to be sure."

"Oh, I," he cried, "would willingly
Lay down my life for you"—
Just then he slipped, but clung to her,
And she went sprawling, too!

"Pa, oh, pa! what is a cake-walk?"

"Cake walk? Why, it is the way I have to chase out the back gate to the bakery when your mother has unexpected company to dinner."

Daisy—"I saw a bonnet today, George, that was a perfect dream."

"Well, don't forget, my dear, that your poor old George doesn't believe in dreams."

"Willie, I hate to whip you. It hurts me worse than it does you."

"Well, let ma do it, then. She can't pound hard 'nough to hurt me ner her either."

"Doctor, my husband says that black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?"

"Tell him to stop playing poker."

"Let me see," said Dr. Wise, "what is your occupation?"

"I am one of the street-cleaning gang, sir."

"It is as I suspected," said the doctor. You need exercise. It is the way of all persons who follow a sedentary employment."

Mrs. Styles—"I'd have you understand that I know a good many worse men than my husband!"

Mrs. Myles—"My dear, you must be more particular about picking your acquaintances."

Jones—"Does your wife ever get you up to hunt for burglars at night?"

Smith—"No. She tried it once, but I made her go ahead and hold the candle. She has never heard anybody prowling around downstairs since."

"Come and dine with us tomorrow," said the old fellow, who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society.

"Sorry," replied the elegant man; "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman; "bring him with you."

"John," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, the day

after the ball, "why did you dance with every lady in the hall last night, before you noticed me?"

"Why, my dear," said the devoted Jones, "I was only practicing what we do at the table—reserving the best for the last."

Uncle Hiram (who has been given a check for his umbrella at the museum)—"Look here, young man; that old 'brelly may not be worth much, but, b' goash, you can't pass no counterfeit coin on me!"

Mr. Rockingham—"What! Trust my daughter in your care for life? Never! Why, to begin with, you haven't the faintest idea of the value of money!"

Young Courtleigh—"I haven't, eh? Say, what do you think I want to marry her for, anyway?"

Boston Girl—"I see by the papers that smallpox was brought to Boston by a kiss."

He—"Yes; I noticed that."

Boston Girl—"Have you ever been exposed to smallpox?"

He—"No; why?"

Boston Girl—"Nothing; only I thought I'd tell you that I've been vaccinated."

"Speakin' ob your husban', Mrs. Winkle, did he evah convey to you dat he done propose to me befo' he married you?"

"Deed he didn't! He was so ashamed ob some of de sings he did dat I nevah insisted upon a confession."

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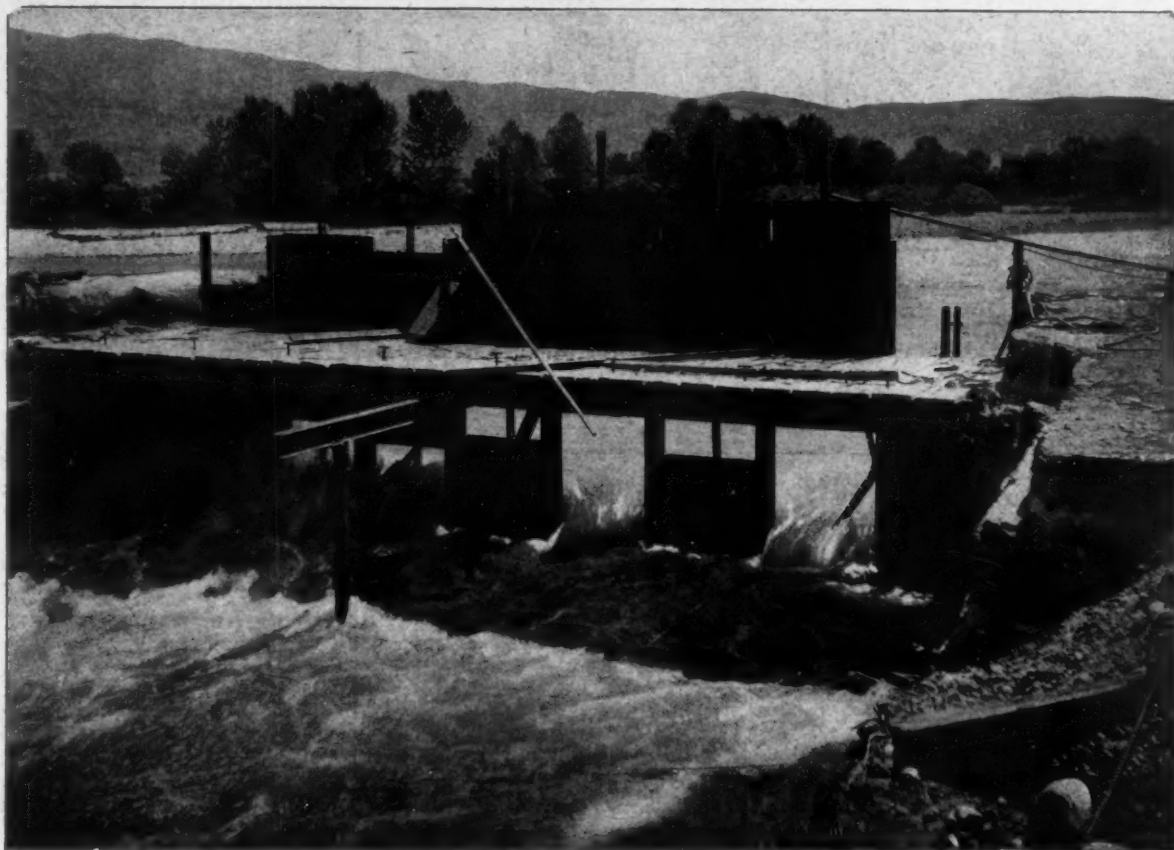
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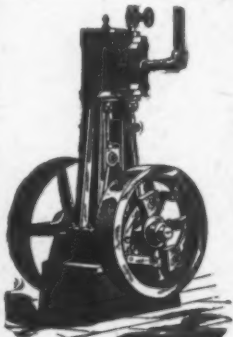
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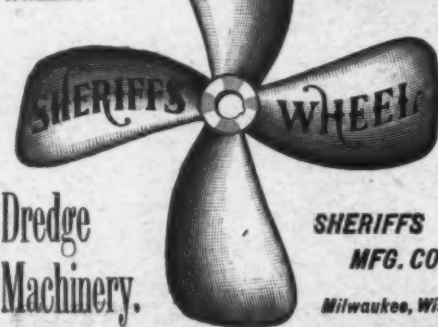
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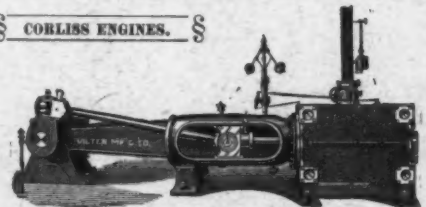
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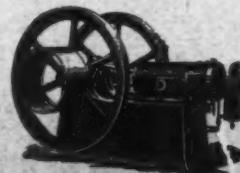
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